

Lazaro

On
COLUMBIA
Records

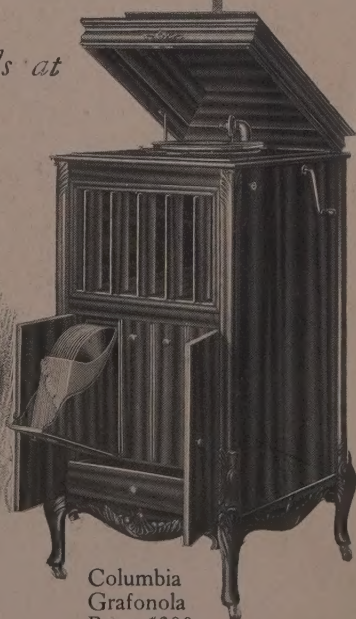
Lazaro! *"The greatest tenor since Rubini, a greater than Gayarre."*

You have never heard "Celeste Aida" or the great arias from "La Boheme," "L'Africana" or "I Puritani" as they are sung by Lazaro.

Here is a voice that has swept whole countries into adoration. Not only is there no voice of greater power, but there is no tenor with such range and control.

You can hear this wonderful tenor before he makes his first appearance on the stage in this country, on some of the most marvelous Columbia Records ever made in all record history.

Hear these wonderful Lazaro records at your Columbia dealer's.



Columbia
Grafonola
Price \$200

Price in Canada plus duty

Furs

of Superior Quality

*Exclusive
in Design*

*C. G. Gunther's Sons
391 Fifth Avenue
New York*



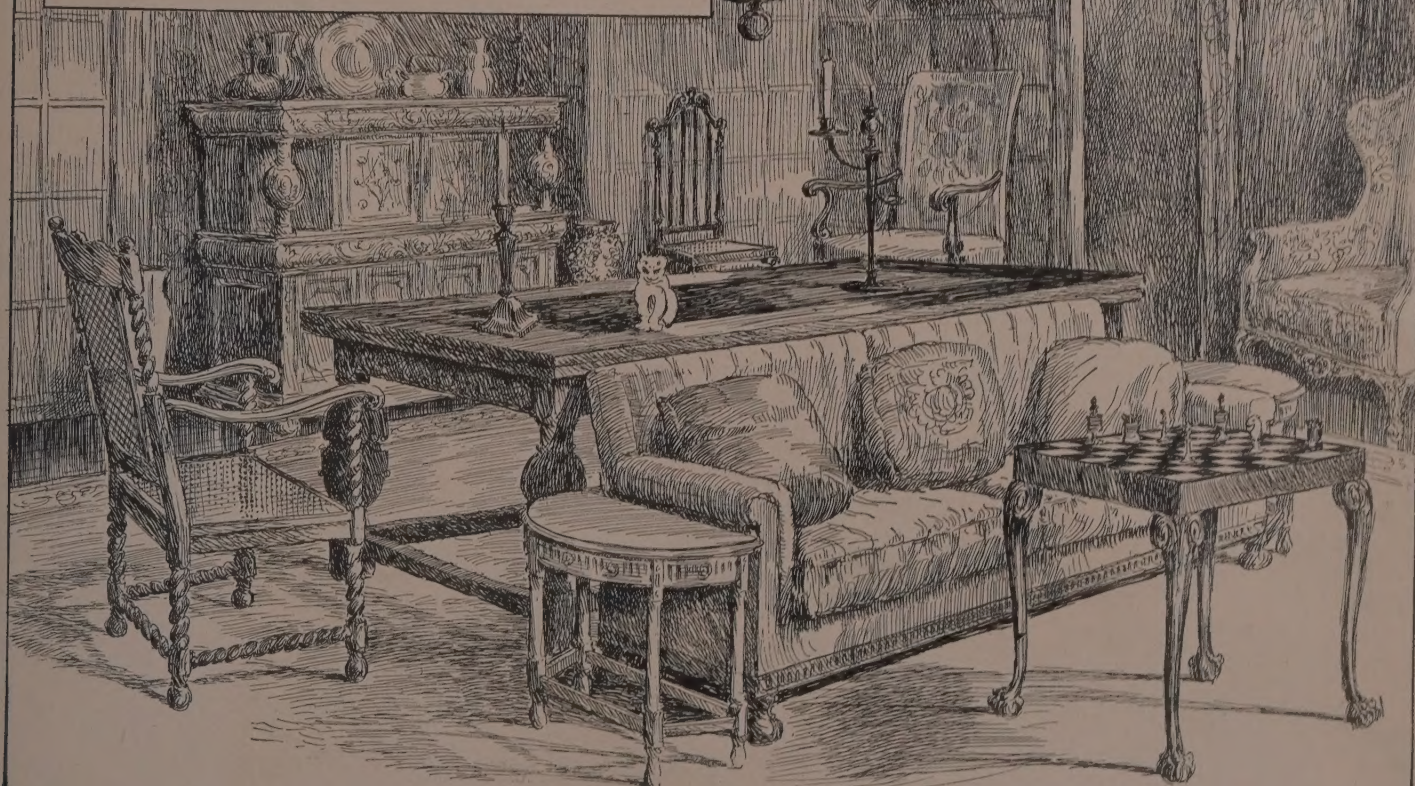
An exclusive photograph of Miss Violet Heming, especially posed for Gunther's

The Comprehensive Charm of the Hampton Shops

IT is the deft disposition, amid the surrounding tapestried and panelled walls, of the delightful time-worn Furniture placed there by succeeding generations from the days of Queen Elizabeth to those of the late Georges, that gives more than a passing charm to the old Manorial rooms of England's country families.

The Hampton Shops are able to transplant all this to the city and the country homes of our own day. Not the Furniture alone, whether Hampton Reproductions or imported masterworks, but the architectural fittings, the wainscoting and tapestries, the quaint appearing Pewter, the gleaming Sheffield Plate and richly hued Porcelains, are all to be found in the spacious galleries of the Hampton Shops.

Hampton Shops
18 East 50th Street
facing St. Patrick's Cathedral
New York



B. Altman & Co.

MOTOR GARMENTS AND ACCESSORIES

Men's Motor Overcoats, featuring the new models and materials, are shown in the Men's Wear Department, on the First Floor. Also Reversible Leather Coats, Leather Vests, Wool Sweaters, Wool Caps and Scarfs, Motor Goggles in all the wanted varieties, and a remarkably attractive assortment of fine Motor Robes, made of plush or wool.

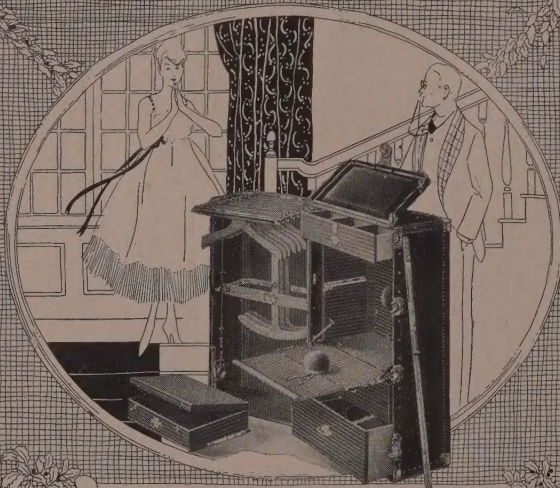
Women's Motor Garments, in the latest approved styles and fabrics, are displayed on the Third Floor.

Fifth Avenue-Madison Avenue, New York

Thirty-fourth Street

TELEPHONE 7000 MURRAY HILL

Thirty-fifth Street



A wardrobe of surpassing beauty in appearance, finish, and construction

*A practical
Xmas surprise.*

GRAND PRIZE
**HARTMANN WARDROBE
TRUNKS**

THIS Wardrobe trunk expresses, in its intrinsic worth and physical beauty, all those qualities so desirable in a gift. To those who travel, nothing—not even expensive Jewels—will be more deeply appreciated.

The Most Complete and Wonderfully Appointed Wardrobe Trunk of All

In the "HARTMANN" not only have strength and capacity been developed to the utmost without increasing weight, but conveniences heretofore undreamed of in a trunk have been added.

"Not a Wrinkle at The End of The Trip"

This delightful feature is the most important ever offered in a Wardrobe Trunk. It is made possible by our patented "cushion-top" which holds garments snugly—yet gently—thereby eliminating pressure from the front—and positively prevents wrinkling and creasing. Daintiest dresses and smartest gowns can be taken from a "HARTMANN" and worn without pressing—as fresh and attractive as when packed. *No other trunk has this or the 14 other important patented features.*

No Excess Baggage Charges

Choose a "HARTMANN" as a Gift for yourself. It comes nearer to supplying all the conveniences of a home wardrobe than any other wardrobe. A comparison will quickly convince you of this fact.

Made in all sizes at prices ranging from \$25 to \$125.

For Sale by Leading Trunk and Department Stores in this Country and Abroad.

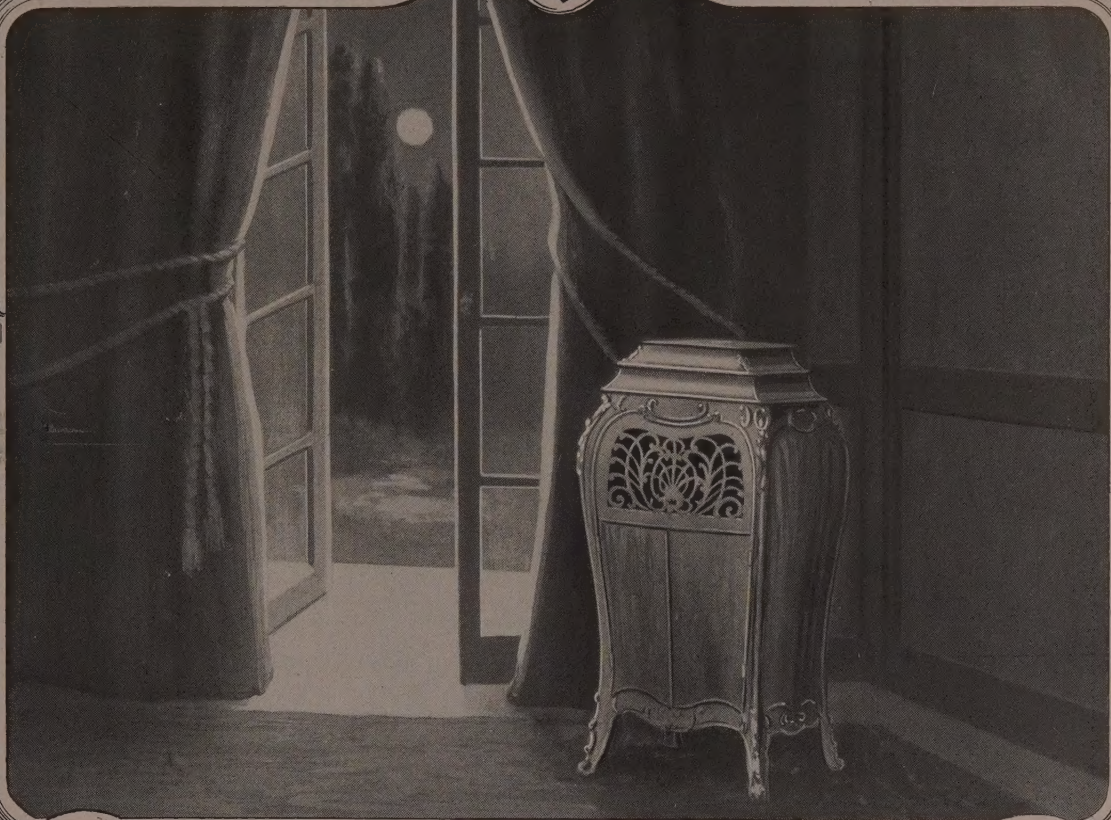
Winners of the
only Grand
Prize on Ward-
robe Trunks
Panama-Paci-
fic Exposition,
San Francisco,
1915

**The HARTMANN
TRUNK CO.**

Factories: Racine, Wisconsin
Chicago New York

Canadian Licensee and Manufacturer:
The M. Langmuir Mfg. Co., of Toronto, Ltd.

All Hartmann
Trunks covered
by patents
granted and
pending.



THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
 CLEAR AS A BELL

Chosen For Its Wondrous Beauty

ARE you a doubting Thomas? Believe only a quarter of what you hear and a half of what you see? Then view the Sonora: listen to it play a few records selected because of the technical difficulties in the way of perfect rendition.

You will at once realize that you are listening to a phonograph of such precise accuracy, such naturalness of expression and such magnificence of tone that languid curiosity changes to astonished interest and incredulity is transformed to belief and enthusiasm.

Find out why Sonora is better—investigate the Swiss made Motor, the special Sound Box, the unique Sound Amplifier, the patented Tone Control, the patented Envelope Filing System, the patented Automatic Stop, the patented "Bulge" Cabinet Construction, the patented Motor Meter, and other superior features.

Send today for handsome free illustrated booklet V-69 which describes fully the entire Sonora Line

TEN SUPERB MODELS

\$45 \$60 \$75 \$100 \$150 \$175 \$190 \$225 \$350 \$1000

Plays all types of disc records, steel needle, sapphire and diamond point.

Each machine guaranteed for one year.

SONORA PHONOGRAPH CORPORATION

GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President

Executive Offices, 57 Reade Street

Demonstration Salon, Fifth Avenue at 53d Street

NEW YORK CITY

Representatives throughout the country. If none in your vicinity, write us direct.

*The Highest Class Talking Machine
in the World.*

*Highest Score for Tone Quality at the
Panama Pacific Exposition.*



OBERVE the regal domestic on the extreme left. His natural frigidity is gradually assuming a tinge of hopelessness.

The best sellers he holds have lost their charm for Miss Guinevere. She is reading—nay devouring—a bound volume of *The Theatre*, and Jenkins might just as well be proffering a stack of law books or a scientific dissertation on the molecular theory.

Did you ever unearth a batch of mellowed, yellowed love letters—precious relics of a highly perfumed period?

And do you recall the delicious thrill that accompanied their

perusal? It's the only sensation to compare with that of going through an old, old volume of *The Theatre*, where every page is saturated with memories of other days.

If you haven't preserved your old *Theatre Magazines*, start now. Send your loose 1915 numbers to us with \$4.00 and we will return them in two new bound volumes, completely indexed.

If your *Theatre Magazines* have all been borrowed by friends who have forgotten the number of your street in the interim, we'll supply the back numbers and the two bound volumes for 1915 will then cost \$7.50.

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO.

6 East 39th Street, New York



BV/5 \$6.95

"Onyx" Silk Hosiery

The enjoyment of any social function is greatly enhanced by the assurance that your entire toilette is glorified by the beautifying effect of these new hand embroidered designs with

STEEL BEADS *and* SPANGLES

All made with the "POINTEX" heel. Complete assortment in these and all other Fashionable "Onyx" styles at leading dealers.

Emery-Beers Company, Inc.

153-161 East 24th Street

New York

Sole Owners and Wholesale Distributors of "Onyx" Hosiery
Successors to the Wholesale Business of Lord & Taylor



Reg. U.S. Pat. Office



BV/1 \$3.75



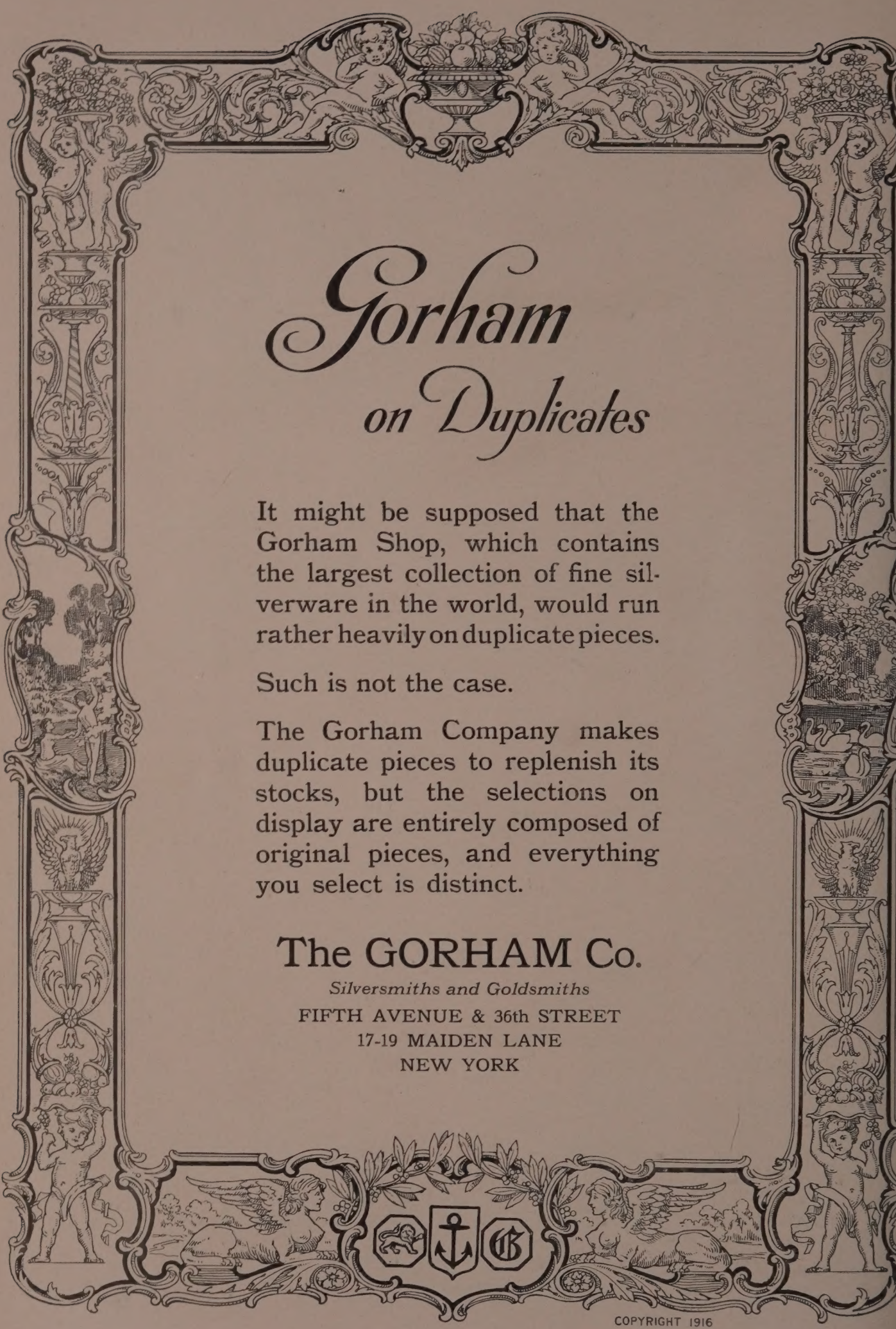
BV/9 \$6.45



BV/10 \$7.95



BV/3 \$6.45



Gorham

on Duplicates

It might be supposed that the Gorham Shop, which contains the largest collection of fine silverware in the world, would run rather heavily on duplicate pieces.

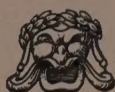
Such is not the case.

The Gorham Company makes duplicate pieces to replenish its stocks, but the selections on display are entirely composed of original pieces, and everything you select is distinct.

The GORHAM Co.

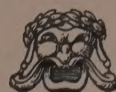
Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

FIFTH AVENUE & 36th STREET
17-19 MAIDEN LANE
NEW YORK



THE THEATRE

NOVEMBER, 1916



CHRISTMAS is the season for universal jollity. We, too, are busy preparing to join in the fun.

'Tis a time when your heart expands as well as your purse—so loosen the strings and send us \$3.50 for a year's subscription. Do it now.

Then you are sure not to miss our special holiday number, which will be a veritable feast for eye and brain.

A wonderful number, we do assure you.

Already we hear the delight in thousands of homes when this platter of dramatic delicacies is put before our readers.

It goes hand in hand with the plum pudding and the taste is just as good.



SOME job—this remembering and setting down here all the clever features that will appear in our December issue. There are so many it is impossible to enumerate them all.

Are you a first nighter?

Then you certainly know "Diamond Jim" Brady, the imposing, genial looking person who comes ambling down the theatre aisle wearing sparklers as big as headlights.

"Diamond Jim" Brady is one of the unique characters of New York theatre life. In a sprightly interview, he gives interesting anecdotes of famous first nights and tells of his hobbies and stage preferences.

Don't miss this exclusive feature.



BERNHARDT is here!

The Divine Sarah has arrived on her absolutely last American tour.

There will be such a rush on the box office to see this wonderful woman and world-famed artist that you're lucky if you succeed in securing a seat for love or money.

But don't get discouraged.

In our next number we shall have a *causerie intime* with the great French tragédienne—a personal chat given exclusively to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE in which the actress talks of her life work, her recent

ceiving some particularly hoped for thing on Christmas. Well, so do the actresses. Margaret Anglin will tell you just what she and her fellow artists wish Santa would put in their stockings.

If you want to be let into the secret, don't miss the next issue.



IN THIS ISSUE



MARJORIE RAMBEAU	Cover
FRANCES STARR IN "THE LITTLE LADY IN BLUE"	Frontispiece
HERE AND THERE	By the Editor 267
HOW I SOLD MY PLAYS	Max Marcis 268
WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN ONE ACT PLAYS	269
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES	Jane Cowd 270
ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT	Sebastian Romer 272
SCENES IN "CAROLINE"	273
OPEN AIR OPERA AT THE STADIUM	Morris Paul 274
PRINCIPALS IN "THE BIG SHOW"—Full page of portraits	275
EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS	Montrose J. Moses 276
SCENES IN "POLLYANNA"	277
GOOD SKETCHES RARE AS RADIUM IN VAUDEVILLE	Nellie Revell 278
HIPOLITO LAZARO—Full-page portrait	279
SCENES IN THREE MUSICAL COMEDIES	280
MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY	281
SCENES IN FOUR POPULAR ATTRACTIONS	285
GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT ACTING	Arthur Dibley 286
ESTELLE WINWOOD—Full-page portrait	287
THE FRENCH THEATRE SEASON	288
FRENCH ARTISTS AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS—	Full page of portraits 289
"MACBETH" ACTED IN JAPAN	Eloise Roorbach 290
MR. SOTHERN IN THE MOVIES	Ada Patterson 292
FIVE ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS—Full page of portraits	293
EXCURSIONS THROUGH AN OLD SCRAP BOOK	William Sykes 294
SCENE IN "PAGANINI"	295
HOW ACTORS KEEP YOUNG	Eileen O'Connor 296
SCENES IN "MR. LAZARUS"	297
WHEN THE MANAGERS WENT ON STRIKE	Alfred Grunberg 298
AMÉE DALMORES—Full-page portrait	299
SCENES IN THE FILM "JOAN OF ARC"	300
FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS	Mlle. Manhattan 301

LOUIS MEYER | Publishers
PAUL MEYER |

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor

THE THEATRE IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE THEATRE MAGAZINE COMPANY, 6 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK. HENRY STERN, PRESIDENT; LOUIS MEYER, TREASURER; PAUL MEYER, SECRETARY. SINGLE COPIES ARE THIRTY-FIVE CENTS; THREE DOLLARS AND A HALF BY THE YEAR.

WHO knows the show girl from her paste diamond heels to her white Wyandotte aigrette?

Ned Wayburn, of course. He's the expert show girl man.

In the December number he's going to write on "Show Girls Yesterday and To-day," and if you won't be wiser concerning the chorus girl—her charms, habits, morals, costumes and salaries, we're willing to refund your thirty-five cents for the copy.

Or better still we'll let you have our special subscription offer—four months for one dollar.



DON'T be alarmed. We won't close our announcements before telling you what player will next write his "Personal Reminiscences." It's only because there were so many other features that we've kept you waiting.

John Mason will give some interesting details about his career, in the Christmas issue.

Remember, young ladies, don't depend on getting a copy at the publishers if they're all sold out at your news-

stand. We also may be all sold.

It's as good as seeing her in the theatre and costs far less.

To be safe, hadn't you better send us your subscription?



DO you hang up your stocking?

Being grown up, of course you don't. But you surely look forward to re-

IS your new gown ready for the first night at the Opera, Milady? But perhaps you won't be there. The next best thing is to read all about this *première* social event in our holiday issue.



From a portrait by Sarony

FRANCES STARR

in "The Little Lady in Blue" which opens in New York shortly

THE THEATRE



HERE AND THERE

BY THE EDITOR



MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK says she will stop singing when she has saved a million dollars. Most of us would consider that the time to begin—at least to crow a little.

THE musical vote is likely to be divided this year. Charles Hughes, the Republican nominee for President, is said to look very much as Charles Gounod, the composer of "Faust," did at his age. His claim to distinction in the world of music, however, is founded on firmer grounds. Once he was trying a case in which an organ builder was involved. Before it was settled he had secured an organ, taken it apart, put it together again and finally learned to play it. President Wilson, if not a musical performer, is said to be a good listener. He is the father of a professional concert singer, Miss Margaret Wilson.

AN importunate friend induced George Bernard Shaw to attend a feeble society concert. Bored and drowsy, the cynic found a quiet corner where he would be undisturbed. His hostess came up to him presently. "Now, Mr. Shaw, don't you think this orchestra plays beautifully? These men have been playing together for eleven years." "Eleven years!" yawned Shaw. "Have we been here so long as that?"

BY the way, aren't you consumed with curiosity to witness a play written by Shaw since he was "ostracized by the best London society"? Take your kerchief along, Hortense, because you will laugh until tears flow down your cheeks.

MALICIOUS gossip! There is no truth in the report that when Mary Garden appears in a filmed version of Anatole France's story of "the saint who sinned and the sinner who became a saint," the piece will be known as "Thighs." Movie fans will pronounce it "Thaze," just as the crowds did when Constance Collier appeared in Paul Wiltach's English version—the crowds that did not go to see the spectacle.

TALKING of movies, in 1914 Thomas Edison prophesied that within two years he would be giving six dollar grand opera for ten cents with the aid of moving pictures and the phonograph. The wizard of Orange had been dreaming of educating school children in musical matters—of introducing them to the charms of Verdi, Wagner, Bizet and Puccini before their musical taste was spoiled by too much ragtime. However, problems arising from the war have interrupted his musical experimenting and for a few years more prima donnas will be compelled to carry on their moving picture and phonograph work separately.

WHAT has become of the managers who used to say that the plays of Maeterlinck, Shaw and Galsworthy were for the library and not for the stage?

DID you know that Geraldine Farrar nearly had a public park named after her? The old Horace Mann School in Melrose, Mass., has been torn down and the site is being turned into a park. Miss Farrar was born in Melrose and in this

The Playwright

*I like to write the happy plays,
The arrow-collar chappie plays,
The ripping, zipping, snappy plays
That people say delight 'em.
Although there be no sense in 'em,
No thought of why or whence in 'em,
Gee whiz! there 'is' some pence in 'em—
Or else I would not write 'em.*

*So down with all the dreary stuff,
The bleary stuff, the weary stuff,
And—ho!—for Ford and Erie stuff—
"That's" what the public's after.
I'm sick of plays erroneous
That warn us and "O, no!"—ny us.
I'll score the ceremonious
And make 'em shake with laughter!*

MORRIE RYSKIND.

very school she studied what algebra and history she knows. If the film production of "Carmen" had not come to Melrose in all probability the new park would have been named "Geraldine Farrar" Park. But after seeing her on the screen smoking cigarettes, getting mixed up in a street brawl and eloping with a Spanish soldier, the Board of Aldermen hesitated. They are still hesitating and the park is without a name.

A WELL-KNOWN playwright bought a swell new automobile, with a six months' guarantee, a short time ago, and a week after beginning to run it, he had a smash up. A friend went at once to the man from whom the dramatist had bought the car.

"You sold my friend a machine."

"I admit it."

"You said if anything happened within six months you'd supply the new parts?"

"That's right."

"Well then, please, send up two deltoid mus-

cles, a couple of kneecaps, one elbow, about half a yard of cuticle, and a left ear. Mr. _____ wants them at once."

HENRY W. SAVAGE, presumably "with the full knowledge and consent of Miss Mizzi Hajos, has changed her name to "Mitzi." The stage has witnessed many experiments of this sort; some of them being successful. There were: "Lotta," "Rhea," "Corinne," "Saharet," "Otero," "Carmencita," "Odiva," "Charlotte" and many others. It looks easy enough, but here is a matter in which the public exercises its "sovereign rights" and does as it pleases, as note the very unsuccessful attempt of Miss Mabel Taliaferro and her manager to change her name to "Nell" a few years ago.

FUTURIST "THREE GRACES"

FAITH.....Marie Dressler, Trixie Friganza and Emmy Destinn trying to cross the Atlantic in an aeroplane.

HOPE.....Mrs. Fiske eating grapefruit with chopsticks, or Alla Nazimova hulling strawberries with a vacuum cleaner.

CHARITY..Geraldine Farrar placing a wreath of poison ivy on the brow of Theda Bara "in memory of Carmen."

DAVID BELASCO says that critics tell too much when they give away the plots of the plays they write about. Perhaps! And we recall that Author and Producer David Belasco did more to give away the almost mystical spell of "behind the scenes" than any other person connected with the modern stage—until Max Reinhardt began to make the aisles of the auditorium a part of the stage itself. After Belasco's "Zaza" and the plays and vaudeville stunts that followed it showing the mysteries of behind the curtain, the average theatre-goers had tasted what was popularly supposed to be "forbidden fruit"—with the result that they lost curiosity which will not be revived in our generation.

AT the Friars Club the other night Eddie Foy vouched for the truth of the following:

"Another chap and myself," says he, "were looking at some sausages on the luncheon table. My friend insisted they were pure pork, while I plunged for the equine theory. My friend was obdurate; so I bet him a new hat I was right, and said I would prove it. Thereupon I cut one of the mysteries into five pieces, and went out. In ten minutes I returned.

"There!" said I. "What did I tell you? They are horse. I put the five pieces on the cab stand outside. Then I took the first piece away, and the other four promptly moved up."

HOW I SOLD MY PLAYS

By MAX MARCIN

AUTHOR OF "CHEATING CHEATERS," "THE HOUSE OF GLASS," ETC.



AFTER finishing his play, the work of the playwright really begins. This is not a paradox, but a drear fact. The way of the dramatist, like the course of true love, never did run smooth.

For years before "The House of Glass" and "Cheating Cheaters" were produced, I was known as the most persistent play peddler on Broadway. Hence I ought to know what the humble playwright is "up against" when it comes to putting a play up to the producer. The latter is at once the most elusive, the most reluctant and the most amiable of audiences.

Selling a play is a matter of time, place and play. The best time is any time. The best place is any place. The best play is the one whose subject matter you have nearest the tip of your tongue, ready to roll into the ears of the nearest manager, in the fewest possible words, whenever you can hold him long enough to listen.

When I finished my first two plays "The House of Glass" and "See My Lawyer," I literally haunted the offices of Cohan and Harris and the territory adjacent thereto. I hung around for hours at a time. I watched exits, entrances, streets and nearest restaurants, cafés and barber shops. I literally stalked my prey.

My intended victim was either George Cohan, Sam Harris or Sam Forrest, stage director for Cohan and Harris.

I knew my plays so well, that I could tell either one in five minutes to anybody who would listen, while he shaved, bathed, ate his lunch or ran to catch a car. In that way I finally interested Sam Harris in "The House of Glass." He accepted it, and returned to me the manuscript of an earlier effort, "See My Lawyer."



I THEN proceeded to try to interest A. H. Woods, in the latter play. I found Mr. Woods one of the most encouraging men I ever met. He is courteous, kindly, affable, ready to listen—to give a friendly suggestion, and more than willing to come half way to meet the aspiring playwright, who may have something worth while.

The same is true of Cohan and Harris, once you obtain the entrée to their offices. For instance, Sam Forrest sat up with me night after night, going over the script of "The House of Glass," pointing out blunders, and making valuable suggestions for the preparation of my play for the stage. Then, after Mr. Forrest and I were finished, George Cohan put his magic hand to the script, and converted the play into a success.

I attribute any success which I may achieve to the schooling I received at the hands of these masters of the craft. Of course, it is inevitable that the man with an established reputation will have quicker access and an earlier decision than the obscure novice. But the notion that managers are reluctant to read a play by an unknown author, is too absurd on the face of it to need any refutation. They want good plays all the time. Neither the managers nor the public care who wrote it. They may be dilatory—but that's the author's fault.

The big producers are busy men, and that is why I earnestly recommend that the author know his play so thoroughly that he can present a fairly adequate idea of it in a few minutes. To arouse the first spark of interest—that is the essential thing. After that it is up to the play to kindle the spark into the flame that will lead to the blazing glory of a production.

And here is another difficulty that confronts the playwright—turned salesman. It is not so hard to place a play with a manager as it is to persuade the manager to produce the piece after he has acquired the rights. That is, the first play. After the first production—be it success or failure, the way from an advance royalty to a first night, is not so long or arduous.



I THINK my experience with "The House of Glass" may prove interesting. I passed scripts around to the various offices in the hope of an early decision. Finally, noticing that the readers were not falling all over themselves, in their haste to read my play, I managed to interest Sam Harris in the idea, and secured from him a promise that he would read it at once.

But he kept putting me off from day to day, while I tried desperately to get some interested manager to attack the script. Finally Mr. Frazee read it, and offered to take it. But I thought I would make one last effort with Mr. Harris, and so I made an appointment with him for that afternoon. When I reached the office, he was just starting for home, and he said that if I would motor up with him, he would go over it there.

Outside in the car were Wallie Eddinger, Willie Collier and Mortimer Shea. There seemed to be something in the air, but I didn't suspect what it was until we motored past the house where Mr. Harris lived. My protests were unavailing, and we finally wound up at the Dunwoodie Club. There I was forced to play golf, and, after dinner, we motored back to town. Mr. Harris had promised to read my play that evening, but soon after we reached the house, Antonio Scotti came in, and he was asked to sing. Others dropped in, and "The House of Glass" remained a house of mystery to everybody but myself.



THEN I surrendered and the next morning called at my play broker's to instruct him to give Frazee the play. There I found three calls from Harris. It seems that after the guests had gone the night before, Mrs. Harris had picked up the play—liked the first act, and compelled her husband to read it.

Cohan and Harris kept the play for two years before they finally produced it. Mr. Woods eventually produced "See My Lawyer." I am certainly glad, for Mr. Woods' sake, as well as my own, that the money he lost on "See My Lawyer" has more than been made up by the success of "Cheating Cheaters."

"Keeping at it" will sell your play just as it will attain any other object. That is if the play is worth while.

LIKE many playwrights I began as a newspaperman. The experience which I gained in reporting was invaluable in my later work. It gave me a vast fund of the rude, raw material out of which plays are fashioned.

But the help I derived from my journalistic career was of another kind. I "got sore on the game," as the vernacular has it, so I simply had to quit and do something better to get even with it.

It was shortly after the Thaw trial. I had covered the first two trials and the insanity hearing at Poughkeepsie for the *New York Press* on a guaranty and space. I was earning from \$300 to \$400 a week. Then suddenly there was no more Thaw trial, no more \$400 a week, and I was left face to face with the fact that in spite of occasional windfalls like the Thaw sensation the newspaper game wasn't getting me anywhere at all!

So I sat down one Sunday afternoon and wrote a short story which I sent to the *Associated Sunday Magazine*. Three days later I got a little envelope containing a check and a receipt. There was not a word of any kind in it. The same happened with the second, third and fourth stories. Then I began to write for other popular magazines. Soon I found it was much easier to earn \$200 a week writing short stories than \$75 a week on a newspaper. So I wiped the journalistic ink off my hands for good.



AFTER I had been in the fiction business for several years I found it deadly monotonous and so turned my attentions to the theatre. I had saved some money so I decided to take a year off and learn to write plays. I studied not books but the theatre. I went to the theatre five or six times a week. I saw the same play half a dozen times; observed how the author built up his situations, got his laughs, brought down his curtains.

In other words I studied the technique of the theatre, first hand. And I learned most from the greatest craftsman of them all, George M. Cohan. "Wallingford" and "Seven Keys to Baldpate" taught me more about building a play than all the others combined.

When I thought I had learned enough to start with, I rented a cottage in Atlantic City, shut myself up and wrote my first play, "See My Lawyer."

I have already told my experiences with that and "The House of Glass." Of course I had no difficulty with "Cheating Cheaters." Mr. Woods had faith in me and in the play. Once you get in, things run smoothly.

As for plots, I have more on hand than I can use. All my plays are dramatizations of my stories. And as I have over two hundred stories on hand, I don't expect to run dry for some time.

In conclusion I should like to reiterate my former statements about managers and playwrights. The managers are always eager for new ideas, new material, new writers. They need the latter as much as the latter need them. If a new writer has a play worth selling he will find plenty of buyers.

The theatre is too big and active an institution to be snobbish.



Photo White

Helen Westley and Spalding Hall
in "Sisters of Susanna"



Marjorie Vonnegut
and Arthur E.
Hall in "The
Sugar House"



Helen Westley, Edward Bakerit and
Florence Enright in "The Merry Death"



Helen Westley and José
Ruben in "Lovers' Luck"

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS IN ONE ACT PLAYS AT THE COMEDY

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By JANE COWL



IT really seems ridiculous for anyone, standing, as I do, at the very beginning of the more or less thorny path of the drama, to set forth my experiences as an actress. But what can one do when THE THEATRE MAGAZINE asks for a "few reminiscences"? Nothing, I think, but take pen and try to recall experiences that may, possibly, be of aid or interest to other girls clambering over the obstacles that we all must meet, between that magic wonderful moment when we first pass through the stage door, and the still more wonderful and star-crowned hour when first our name blazes in flaming letters of light above the front entrance to a New York theatre.

Having given utterance to the fact that I thoroughly disapprove of writing about myself, I will continue this protest with the usual bromide, and confide that I was born at a very early age in Boston. My mother, to whom I owe whatever I may possess of talent or temperament was gifted with a glorious voice that, had her physical strength been greater, would no doubt have carried her to a splendid place among American singers. She was, unfortunately, for the greater part of her life an invalid, but her appearances as soloist with the Boston Symphony in its magnificent days, are still remembered by lovers of bel canto.



I CANNOT recall what I didn't dedicate myself to a stage career. I believe most little girls are actresses. We play with our dolls because the mature rôle of "mama" appeals to us, and we "make believe" this, or that, or the other adorable thing, all through our imaginative childhood. I know that I was always acting, always making believe, always moving through an enchanted world of my own creation as a child, and I cannot think I was ever in any way different from other little girls, except, perhaps, that a dire and distressful poverty made me more serious than my years. I was still a little girl when my parents moved to Brooklyn, and my home was in that borough until I went on the stage.

While still in my early 'teens, long before I was equipped for any sort of career, I began writing verses for *Brooklyn Life*, stirred to that high literary endeavor by the illness of my mother who was condemned by the stern stress of that poverty of which I have spoken, to endure pain and sickness without proper medical attendance. The longing to give her some of the trifling things that would afford her ease spurred me to write, write, write; and verses, prose efforts and even jokes and merry quips were my contribution to the gaiety of Brooklyn's humorous paper in those days.



BUT, of course, the call of the stage rung in my ears and I am glad to say that my adventures in journalism were never deeply serious, and not one of my effusions has been preserved to stagger a press-agent. I was still far from the age endorsed by the Gerry Society, when I made my stage début. A friend of ours knew Mr. Belasco's stage manager, and armed with an introduction to that gentleman—a remote and august being he was to my young imagina-

tion, I presented myself at the old Belasco Theatre one day and asked for an engagement. The benevolent person who had given me the introduction also gave me a bit of advice as to the technique of asking for a job. "Smile, whatever you do and however you feel, when you speak to a manager, be sure you smile," she had said. And so I grinned from ear to ear without a single minute's relaxation of my features when I was admitted to the presence of the man who engaged the Belasco chorus.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" was the comedy in which I was cast for a thinking part, and throughout the rehearsals which were as serious and thorough as if every "extra girl" of us were the whole plot and pivot of the piece, I preserved a countenance wreathed in smiles. It was probably and quite excusably the belief of the rest of the ensemble that I was a cheerful idiot, but I kept on smiling. Did not the management wish laughing youth in the cast? And besides, was not I entitled to laugh in the face of all the world, since I was really on the stage? Even although certain qualms of what might happen should my true age be discovered caused the grin to fade into the downward curves of fear now and then, I gallantly kept on smiling like

the Spartan boy with the fox at his vitals. The Gerry Society, however, failed to interfere and at last the impossible, the incredible, the heavenly night arrived, and I floated in clouds of bliss onto the stage.



I SHALL never be sufficiently grateful that these first days of my stage experience were lived under the management of David Belasco. During rehearsals of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and indeed of every part I have ever played, I attended rehearsals with an energy only to be described as vicious. I knew every rôle in "Kitty," and what did it matter if I happened to be nothing much more than an innocent by-stander in the midst of the thrilling action? I could and I did act all over the place, playing Miss Crossman's star rôle in a silent duo with that capital comedienne, and even portraying the masculine characters in exact accordance with what I conceived to be Mr. Belasco's idea of the part, which I admitted with the supreme modesty of swelling youth and inexperience quite tallied with my own.

Oh, those first divine days, when the ignorant young stage person knows so little that her own ignorance fails to appal her. I firmly believe that if one possesses the genuine temperament which enables an ambitious débutante to develop from the hopeless, ugly chrysalis into the spreading butterfly that symbolizes the soul as well as the fluttering triumph of the stage, every rôle is bound to be a new thrill no matter how hackneyed by constant and uninspired repetition it may seem. But nothing can ever quite equal the first, rich, quivering glory of one's first season as an "actress," even if one has no chance to "act" and no opportunity to prove one's vocation by speaking lines.



AFTER the run of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," Mr. Belasco gave me another of the almost silent and invisible parts which fall to every young actress; this time it was in "The Rose of the Rancho," with Miss Frances Starr as the "Rose."

This happy engagement at an end, I was placed with Mr. David Warfield for a small part in "A Grand Army Man." If it is a joy and an education to feel one's grasp on work grow stronger by rehearsals with Mr. Belasco, imagine what an education it is, to the girl who wishes to develop, to be placed in a Belasco company with so fine an artist as Mr. Warfield. The marvellous technique of that actor—a method that effaces all marks of method—may not be acquired by contact and observation, or we should all be Warfields, but to study and work with such an artist, to watch how his art carries the least actor in his support along with him, is a splendid experience for a beginner—or indeed for any player, no matter what his experience. I am always finding little side lights to illumine the parts I am called on to play, stored away in the back of my mind as part of the treasure trove of my experience with Mr. Warfield.

Then came my first big part, when Mr. Belasco decided that I was big enough to be entrusted with the leading rôle in "Is Matrimony a Failure?" Please remember that I was still a very young girl, and do appreciate my feelings when I began to realize that it required something of



© Ira L. Hull

MISS JANE COWL

the balance and ballast, if I may so express myself, of longer experience than mine, to equip one for a leading rôle in the foremost metropolitan theatre, under the most noted of stage directors. This conviction pressed closer and closer upon me as the night for the opening performance approached, and by the time the curtain rose I was in a state of terror.

I knew I could never fill the requirements of the rôle.

I knew Mr. Belasco must feel ashamed of me, and regret his generous bad judgment in trusting me with the leading character. I knew life was a bad dream and the stage a hideous error.

How I got through the first act I shall never know. It was a dreadful dream. Through the second act I was ever more convulsively clutched in the grip of stage fright, and at the close of that act, I positively knew I could never face an audience again. My career was at an end. It was all over. I smeared off my make-up, put on my hat, and sent word to "Billy" Deane, the beloved and lamented stage manager of the Belasco forces, that I was going home.

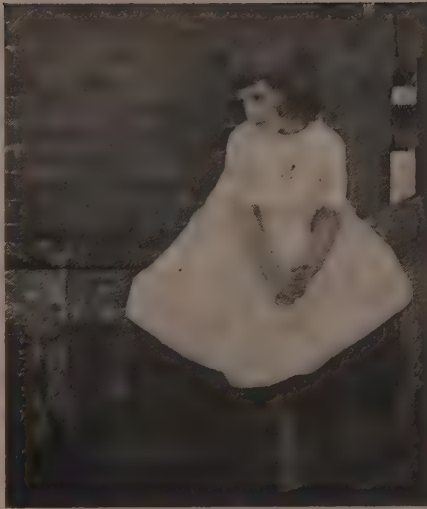


MR. DEANE came flying to my dressing room. He reasoned with me, but one might as well have tried to reason with a house on fire. My career was in flames and nothing could save it. I simply had to go home and die or something.

Mr. Deane sent for Mr. Belasco, and I have a vague feeling that Mr. "David"—gentlest and most paternal of managers—must have given me a shaking. I am not quite certain, and I have never had courage to ask, but I believe that I was shaken out of my naughtiness and nonsense. Anyway, Mr. Belasco spoke some scorching words that brought me to my senses and I finished the performance.

After a happy run of "Is Matrimony a Failure" I played a season of summer stock in Union Hill, New Jersey, where I was cast for every sort of rôle from Katie in "Old Heidelberg" to "Camille."

In the rôle of Katie I had my first enchanted taste of the rapture of seeing an audience weep. A dear girl in the front row began to sob bitterly over my woes early in the performance. How I loved that girl! But I am ashamed to say, I almost laughed myself out of the scene when she reached for her handkerchief. Through the rehearsals I, myself, had shed copious tears over the pathos of poor Katie's situation. You see, in that character, I cherished a hopeless love



JANE COWL AT THE AGE OF FIVE



AT THE AGE OF TWELVE

for the Prince who was obliged, of course, to wed in his own rank, even if his royal heart belonged to me. I revelled—almost, I may say, I rollicked in tears over the rehearsal, I was so sorry for myself, but when I saw the plump little Union Hill maiden shed the same scalding drops I laughed hysterically.

I cannot tell how deeply indebted I find myself to the experience I gained at the Union Hill Stock Theatre. And there was scarcely a part assigned me, in which I failed to put to practical use at least one bit of "business," or apply one principle of dramatic action learned in the rehearsals by Mr. Belasco of one or another of his companies, or use some valuable touch that came to me from studying the impeccable art of Mr. Warfield. I do not think I exaggerate in venturing to say, that as a practical school of acting, two years in a well-directed stock company, to a girl who has already collected a mass of undigested dramatic ideas, is worth ten seasons' general stage experience.

In every new rôle one finds opportunity if she care to use it, to put into use something she has unconsciously absorbed along the road, and she must emerge from the stock company either discouraged and sunken to an attitude of indifference to fine and vivid work, or capable of doing immeasurably better things than her previous equipment enabled her to achieve.



AFTER my first season at Union Hill came a short season in an ephemeral effort which, to be exact, lasted three consecutive nights. "The Upstart" was the name of this short-lived

piece, and from "The Upstart" I was immediately engaged to create the leading feminine rôle in "The Gamblers." This was another big step onward, but I believe that it was still at Union Hill that the first big milestone was planted, and that the turning point of my professional career was reached when I was given a chance, in my second season there, to play "Madam X." In that rôle, for the first time, I felt that I had a grasp, feeble enough, but still a definite grasp, upon a dramatic technique that responded to the heart beat of the character itself, and gave itself to a creative reflection of the emotions, the hidden springs of action, that caused the character to express itself not as the actress might do in similar circumstances, but as that particular character would, and must feel and act. I believe that those austere persons whom we call "high brows," would speak this of the psychology of a rôle when they put this getting beyond, and within its external aspects, into words.



THEN came "Mary Turner," in Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," a part that gives so much to an actress that she must work very hard to find anything to bring to her rôle. After a whole year in the Veiller play, I went to the Coast to create the title rôle in "The Song Bird," a play by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hatton, which it was thought might be a successor to "Within the Law." Nothing came of the piece so far as I was concerned, and I passed under the management of A. H. Woods to create the leading part in "Common Clay."

This was a great step onward for me, and it gave me a wonderful chance to grow in my profession, because of the happy opportunity of acting with so great a master of his craft as John Mason. Mr. Mason and I continued in the cast for one season at the Republic Theatre, and then Mr. Woods transferred me to a company, which I am at present heading, which will present the piece, a Harvard prize play as you know, on tour.

This sketchy outline shows you that I am but a beginner, a nibbler at the edges of the big things every ambitious actress wishes to do, and believes she will do, in her profession. I stand very meekly at the beginning of my work, willing to serve a longer and more rigid novitiate, to earn entrance to Elysian fields where laurels bloom.

Perhaps in ten years I may have something really worth while to write about my "career." Will you wait with me until then to read it?



IN "IS MATRIMONY A FAILURE?"



IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

By SEBASTIAN ("BUSTER") ROMER

TWELVE YEARS IN CHARGE OF THE GAIETY THEATRE BOX OFFICE



THE manager of the theatre is safe in his office with a telephone operator, a private secretary, two stenographers and an office boy outside in the first line trenches. The actor is behind the footlights and the good old Shakespearean pleasantry of throwing deceased cats and emeritus eggs was retired with the mid-Victorian period of the drama. The author cannot be reached except by the critic.

Result?

The much-abused and unjustly berated box office man becomes the public target.

Someone wishes to let the "theatre" know that it does not approve of the show. This someone cannot reach manager, author or actor, so it rushes up and trains its verbal schrapnel on the theatre's only vulnerable spot—the box-office man.

Someone explains loudly how long he has been a steady patron of this theatre, what shabby treatment he or she has had and just why said he or she will never, never, never come again!

And a few nights later the same someone will be at the window demanding the very best seat in the house and blaming the man in the box office for having the effrontery to have exchanged tickets to the best seats days ago merely for money!



THEY try to "do" the theatre, and it is the box-office man who must prevent them. They try to get the best seats in the house and the "wight behind the wicket" (that's me and all my brother box-office men) must see that they are satisfied. The man on the inside looking out must be a lightning calculator, a quick change artist—not short change, for that would do the theatre more hurt than a bad show—a human encyclopedia and the personification of the smile that won't come off. Oh, it's a merry life—not—but we love it, at that. I'd rather be in my little cage where I've worked for the last twelve years, and know that I've tried to do my best by my employers and treat the public square, than hold down any other job I know of. That Prisoner of Chillon person had it right:

*"My very chains and I grew friends—
Even I*

Regained my freedom with a sigh."

I don't want my freedom; but once in a while when some of the thorns get out of place in my bed of roses. I rather wish I could get outside my rôle and talk to some of the dear public the way they ought to be talked to.

I can't do it. A box office man must always smile. One of our craft was found dead on the street one morning. He had a beatific smile on his face and the coroner thought it certain he didn't die a lingering death, but he ordered an autopsy to make sure. He gave the cause of death some long name, but the truth was that the poor fellow's entire system was found to be jammed full of the grouches and complaints of the public handed him for the last thirty years. He had been obliged to swallow them all and they choked his system. The reason the smile stayed on his face was that it couldn't crowd in past the grouches. So the coroner entered a long-named verdict, the man's assistant stepped into his place and the public never knew.

We've been having splendid business right along during most of the twelve years I have

been with the Gaiety. Everybody connected with the house feels good over the fact, but it actually makes things harder for the box-office man. He must stop and explain several hundreds of times a day that there aren't any more good seats for that night. He must try to accommodate the patrons, either by giving them something a little farther from the stage or find a night or a matinée which will suit them. The out-of-town patrons are hardest to suit in this matter.

"How about next Friday night?" the ticket seller will ask.

"What's the use of telling me that when you know I'll be three hundred miles away Friday night?"

The box-office man hasn't time to explain that he was ignorant of the patron's itinerary. He must run over the charts in his mind and see the best way to serve the customer.



OUT-OF-TOWN people are most often suspicious of the ticket seller. The old-fashioned "Rube" may have been hard to deal with. There haven't been any since my time. But in his place has come the suburbanite with just enough knowledge of city ways to convince him that all men are grafters and swindlers. With the line lengthening behind him you can't spend much time arguing and you can't order him out. The only way is to state the case as rapidly and clearly as possible, offer him the best you have and either satisfy him or tell him you can't. Sometimes a letter of complaint results. That's one thing that doesn't come direct to the box office. The mail carrier has access to the manager. It is a fortunate box-office man who has been with the house long enough so that these complaints do not result in a call on the carpet. It is the public who pays. The employee is dependent on his salary.

A good many people in this world think it is legitimate to "short change" a street car conductor, a store clerk or especially a ticket seller. Imagine yourself in the box office with four telephones at your elbow and a line of people crowding in from the street. The man inside must know the house, not only for the next performance but for the week succeeding. The seats vary in price all the way from fifty cents to the boxes. Sometimes a man must answer two 'phones at once and talk to the person in front of the window and two who are crowding behind him.



HELLO, yes; we've nothing but third row balcony, a dollar; two seats? Name please? We can keep them until 8:15. Eight fifteen, sorry, but we can't hold them longer. Mr. Jones? All right," and about the same on the other 'phone. "Two for Thursday night? Orchestra, fourth row, \$2 each. No, they're not in front of a post; there isn't a bad seat in the house—just a minute, please; yes."

All this time the box-office man is passing out tickets, and making change. He never stops to compute the amount. Every combination of price in the house must be at his fingers' ends. Once in a great while he makes a mistake. Part of these mistakes are not heard of again. They

are the ones where the patron has the best of it. The others create commotion in the line or else come back in irate notes to the manager.

The other night a woman bought seven seats at a dollar-fifty. The assistant by a slip of the mind charged \$9 instead of \$10.50. He recalled the location and I went up to explain matters.

"Yes, I know he undercharged me," the woman declared, "but it was his mistake and I'm not going to pay the extra \$1.50. He needs to be taught a lesson."

And the box office had to stand the loss because I couldn't afford to make a scene.

We are accused of favoritism, and we are accused more insistently of placing our best seats in the hands of the ticket agencies. When a patron cannot get the seat he wants, he often puts on a sneering expression.

"Yes, sent them down to the scalpers. I'd like to have your rake-off."

The hotel clerk can wear diamonds. It wouldn't do for the box-office men. He would be twitted of getting them from the agencies.

Patrons ask us all about the shows. Do you know, in all my twelve years, I haven't seen the first act of one performance. Of course, I know they're good shows, else the management would not keep them on and the public would not continue to buy out the house in advance. But I can't see through two walls and across the auditorium. Nearly every night somebody comes out about the second act and tries to pick a quarrel because they thought it was a musical comedy.

"Didn't you read the review?" I ask.

"No, didn't have time to read any reviews. Thought, of course, that was what you had." Then they look as if they wanted their money back.



TURN TO THE RIGHT" is one of those plays that appeal to the church element, and we get many patrons who seldom attend a theatre. They are good-natured; nevertheless they give us some problems. Seventy-five cents seems a large price for some of them to pay for a "seat-pew" as some call it. Later in the evening they are likely to come back complaining because they had to climb upstairs.

Women are a trial. They usually do not carry much money. It is a common thing to have one dicker for the best seat at a certain price and then confess that she lacks ten cents. She will promise faithfully to bring the money in the next day but I don't remember one doing it. One woman held up the line five minutes in a rush and then came back to borrow carfare home.

The little "Lisle First National" still has thousands of depositors, though most people think it is just a newspaper joke. We have come to know all the code signs used when one wishes to draw out the amount, and keep the little entrance to the cage clear so that they can step inside. Of course, the ticket sellers modestly turn their backs. The partition between the cage and the entrance is only wire.

There is one woman who has seen every show since I have been here and she always insists on the same row. She is reasonable, though. She does not demand it at the first performance. The box-office man must know the whims of his regular patrons.

(Concluded on page 323)



Photos © Charles Frohman, Inc.

Margaret Anglin

Charles Dalton

ACT II. ROBERT DECIDES THAT THEY MUST MARRY



Rex McDougall

Margaret Anglin

ACT II. THE ROMANTICIST MAKES LOVE TO CAROLINE



Charles Dalton

Florence Edney

Margaret Anglin

Viva Birkett

Rex McDougall

ACT III. CAROLINE BECOMES HYSTERICAL WHEN SHE HEARS OF HER HUSBAND'S RETURN

Caroline Ashley has been separated from a worthless husband for several years, and during that time, has won the devoted and honorable affection of Robert Oldham, a man who is determined to marry her directly her husband dies. The play begins at the moment news arrives of the husband's death, and Caroline, to her surprise, finds she is not so very anxious to marry her admirer after all, nor is Robert any more enthusiastic about marrying Caroline now that it is easy to get her. Each has desired the marriage so long that each has ceased to want it. But Caroline, although not anxious to marry Robert herself, is rather nettled over the fact that he does not want her. So she hits upon a plan by which her dead husband is brought to life again. Now that he cannot marry her, Robert's love returns, and the play ends as they rejoice over their reunion.

SCENES IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY "CAROLINE" AT THE EMPIRE

OPEN AIR OPERA AT THE STADIUM

By MORRIS PAUL



WHEN a new form of artistic entertainment is brought into existence a certain amount of experimenting is necessitated. Thus, out-door grand opera, which was offered to New York for the first time on September 19th when "Die Walküre" was presented in the Stadium of the College of the City of New York by singers from the Metropolitan Opera Company and followed two days later by a double bill comprising "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci," had previously been tried out on the road, just like a new operetta or play.

On the hillsides of sunny Italy, and in the red wood forests of California where the Bohemians present their annual opera written by some of their own members, opera in the open has thrived for several years, and a little over two years ago the first important eastern experiment was made in the stadium of Harvard University. "Siegfried" was presented by a cast made up from the ranks of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Later performances of a similar nature were held in the Yale Bowl, and in ball parks in Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis. It must be admitted that most of the performances were disappointing, as had been nearly all of the many attempts at giving open air orchestra concerts, oratorios and mixed dramatic and musical entertainments in New York. But so much for the past.



THE three productions in the City College Stadium were notable events. They showed beyond doubt that music can be presented out of doors with magical effect and in such a way that an audience of prodigious proportions can listen in comfort and without overtaxing the ears. Eighty-five hundred persons heard each of the three operas sung, and, though some of the singers had small voices, all were distinctly audible in the farthest corners of the stadium. By a clever arrangement of sounding boards and through the means of an inclined stage, the acoustics were made almost perfect.

Of course, the effects were different from what they would have been indoors. The distance between stage and stadium gave a mysterious coloring to the music. The characters on the stage seemed at times to be puppets and the temporary character of the cloth hangings and backing of the stage carried that impression farther.

But the voices carried the words and music clearly and accurately wherever there were auditors and the orchestra, an organization built upon a series of indoor experiments in tonal color and intended only for use in enclosed structures, sounded remarkably well.

So it is likely that all fresco opera will be continued in the future. As a matter of fact, the Metropolitan Musical Bureau which managed the three stadium productions is discussing at present the advisability of a season of popular priced performances at the City College next summer.

The feeling of the vastness of the heavens

above, took something of the intimacy of indoor opera from the starlit presentations. Then too, the personal magnetism, and facial expression of the singers on the stage were lost in the distance. But there was added an impressive charm that held the thousands of listeners spell bound.

As for the casts, they were made up from the most distinguished members of the Metropolitan forces. In "Die Walküre" Mme. Melanie Kurt was Sieglinde; Mme. Margarete Matzenauer Brunhilde; Lila Robeson, Fricka; Johannes Sem-

the reach of everyone. To aid this venture the singers, in several cases, cut short their vacations and all offered their services gratis.

The stage, which consisted of a wooden floor, and a series of mast-like poles from which were suspended cloth hangings and backing, looked very flimsy, but according to Edward Siedle, the stage manager, it cost eight thousand dollars, together with the rather crude stage settings which were made from old Metropolitan scenery.

If a durable removable stage, one that could be set up and taken down easily, and stored away between seasons, could be secured, popular opera could be held next summer in the City Stadium, possibly, in connection with the Civic League concerts.

Pasquale Amato, after the performance of "Pagliacci," made a statement that he thought every important operatic singer singing in New York ought to appear at least three times a year for some charitable or altruistic movement. If his fellow artists at the Metropolitan were of the same opinion, the Civic League could continue to give six dollar opera for less than half price without difficulty.



THE weather is an important factor in out-door opera. The performance of "Die Walküre" had to be postponed one day on account of rain, and many of the out-of-town ventures suffered like difficulties. At Pittsburgh last summer, a "Siegfried" performance at Forbes Field was broken up by a sudden shower. The singers were perfectly willing to continue, as Mme. Schumann-Heink, who was one of the participants, explained in a speech to the audience, but the first drops of rain caused the members of the orchestra to run for shelter. Wind also can be very troublesome. During the last act of the

stadium "Walküre" performance, a brisk breeze caught one of the stage trees, pulled it up by the roots, so to speak, and dropped it up side down on the top of a stage mountain.

If the weather is pleasant, however, star-lit opera can be fascinating and it ought to be popular.

Edward Siedle, the technical director of the Metropolitan Opera House, who developed the mechanical side of stadium opera from its rather crude beginning in the Harvard Stadium to the almost perfect arrangement in the Lewisohn Stadium, is an enthusiastic propagandist of out-door music.

"Opera in the open has a future," he said at the "Pagliacci" performance. "I believe that it will not be many years before the City College Stadium will be a summer Metropolitan Opera House. With its enormous seating capacity it can accommodate, at popular prices, opera which will compare favorably with the six-dollar kind that is heard during the winter on Broadway. There has been a general demand for out-door entertainments of late. This summer there have been numberless pageants throughout the country. "Caliban," at the City College, attracted the attention of hundreds of thousands of people.



MME. MELANIE KURT IN THE OPEN AIR PERFORMANCE OF "DIE WALKÜRE"

bach, Siegmund; Basil Ruysdael, Hunding, and Carl Braun, Wotan. Arthur Bodansky conducted.

In "Pagliacci," lighter voices were employed, except for Pasquale Amato who took the rôle of Tonio. Anna Fitzu was Nedda and Luca Botta Canio, and although their voices sound small in the Metropolitan, everyone in the out-door theatre could hear them distinctly.

Mme. Johanna Gadske, Miss Kathleen Howard and Mr. Botta took the principal parts in "Cavalleria," and Arnaldo Conti was the musical director.

Probably opera of the same high standard was never before offered in New York for such low prices. The best seats sold for two dollars and a half, and standing room cost only twenty-five cents.



HAD the principals charged for their services there would have been a deficit. But the performances were held for the benefit of the Civic Orchestral League, an organization which aims to supply New York with orchestra concerts during the summer months at prices within



© Mishkin

ANNA PAVLOWA
In "The Sleeping Beauty"



Campbell

CHARLOTTE

The famous ice skater in a new divertissement



White

ELLEN DALLERUP

In the new skating ballet "The Merry Doll"

SOME OF THE PRINCIPALS IN "THE BIG SHOW" AT THE HIPPODROME

EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

No. 2—William Dunlap

By MONTROSE J. MOSES



THE life of William Dunlap is full of color and variety. Upon his shoulders very largely rests the responsibility for whatever knowledge we have of the atmosphere of the early theatre in America, and of the personalities of the players. For, as a boy, his father being a Loyalist, there is no doubt that young William used to frequent the playhouse of the redcoats, and we would like to believe actually saw some of the performances, with which Major André was connected.

He was born at Perth Amboy, then the seat of Government for the Province of New Jersey, on February 10, 1766 (where he died September 28, 1839), and as an historian of the theatre was able to glean his information from first hand sources. Yet his monumental work on the "History of the American Theatre" was written in late years, when memory was beginning to be overclouded, and in recent times it has been shown that Dunlap was not always careful in his dates or in his statements. George Seilhamer, whose three volumes dealing with the American Theatre before the year 1800 are invaluable, is particularly acrimonious in his strictures against Dunlap. Nevertheless he has to confess his indebtedness to the Father of the American Theatre.

Dunlap was many-sided in his tastes and activities. There is small reason to doubt that from his earliest years the theatre proved his most attractive pleasure. But when he was scarcely in the flush of youth, he went to Europe, and studied art under Benjamin West. Throughout his life he was ever producing canvasses, and designing, and his interest in the art activity of the country, together with his writing on the subject, make him an important figure in that line of work.

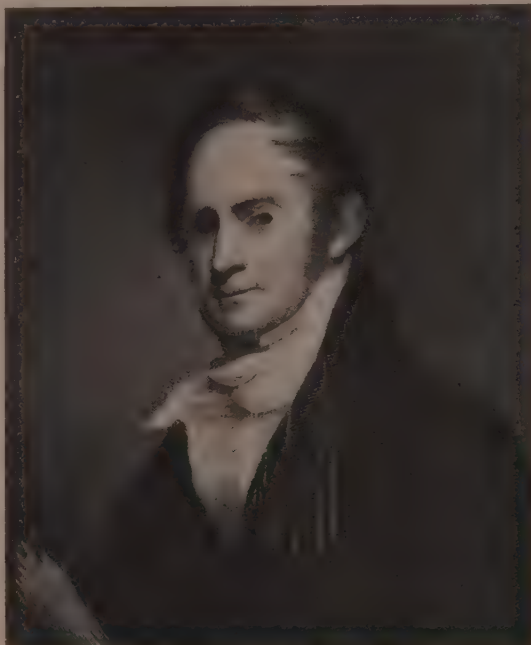
On his return from Europe, as we have already noted, he was fired to write plays through the success of Royall Tyler, and he began his long career as dramatist, which threw him upon his own inventive resourcefulness, and made him so closely identified with the name of the German, Kotzebue, whose plays he used to translate and adapt by the wholesale.



THE pictures of William Dunlap are very careful to indicate in realistic fashion the fact that he had but one eye. When a boy a playmate at school threw a stone which hit his right eye. But though he was thus early made single-visioned, he saw more than his contemporaries; for he was a man who mingled much in the social life of the time, and he had a variety of friends, among them Charles Brockton Brown, the novelist, and George Frederick Cooke, the tragedian. He was the biographer of both of them, and these volumes are filled with anecdote, which throws light not only on the subjects but upon the observational taste of the writer. There are those who claim that he was unjust to Cooke, making him more of a drunkard than he really was.

And the effect the book had on some of its readers may excellently well be seen by Lord Byron's exclamation, after having finished it. As

quoted by Miss Crawford in her "Romance of the American Theatre" he said: "Such a book! I believe, since 'Drunken Barnaby's Journal,' nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room, drams and the drama. Brandy, whiskey-punch, and, latterly, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous; first, that a man should live so long



WILLIAM DUNLAP
Father of the American Theatre

drunk, and next that he should have found a sober biographer."

Dunlap's first play was called "The Modest Soldier; or, Love in New York." We shall let him be his own chronicler:

"As a medium of communication between the play-writer and the manager, a man was pointed out, who had for a time been of some consequence on the London boards, and now resided under another name in New York. This was the Dubellamy of the English stage, a first singer and walking-gentleman. He was now past his meridian, but still a handsome man, and was found sufficiently easy of access and full of the courtesy of the old school. A meeting was arranged at the City Tavern, and a bottle of Madeira discussed with the merits of this first born of a would-be author. The wine was praised, and the play was praised—the first, perhaps, made the second tolerable—that must be good which can repay a man of the world for listening to an author who reads his own play."



IN due course of time, the youthful playwright reached the presence of the then all-powerful actors, Hallen and Henry, and after some conference with them, the play was accepted. But though accepted, it was not produced, that auspicious occasion being deferred whenever the subject was broached. At this time, young Dun-

lap was introduced to the stoney paths of play-writing. He had to alter his manuscript many times, only to see it laid upon the shelf until some future occasion. And, according to his confession, the reason the piece did not receive immediate production was because there was no part which Henry, the handsome idol of the day, could see himself in to his own satisfaction.

Dunlap's next play was "The Father; or, American Shandyism," which was produced on September 7, 1789. It was published almost immediately, and later reprinted under the title of "The Father of an Only Child."

Most historians call attention to the fact that to Dunlap belongs the credit of having first introduced to the American stage the German dialect of the later comedian. Even as we look to Tyler's "The Contrast" for the first Yankee, to Samuel Low's "Politicians Out-Witted" for an early example of Negro dialect, so may we trace other veins of American characteristics as they appeared in early drama.



BUT it is to "Darby's Return" that our interest points, because it was produced for the benefit of Thomas Wignell (Nov. 24, 1789), and boasted among its first-nighters, George Washington. Writes Dunlap:

"The eyes of the audience were frequently bent on his countenance, and to watch the emotions produced by any particular passage upon him was the simultaneous employment of all. When Wignell, as Darby, recounts what had befallen him in America, in New York, at the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and the inauguration of the President, the interest expressed by the audience in the looks and the changes of countenance of this great man became intense."

And then there follows an indication by Dunlap of where he smiled and where he showed displeasure. Altogether there was much perturbation of mind over every quiver of his eyelash. The fact of the matter is, as a playgoer, the Father of our Country figured as constantly as the Father of our Theatre. When the seat of Government changed from New York to Philadelphia, President Washington's love of the theatre prompted many theatrical enterprises to follow in his wake, and we have an interesting picture, painted in words by Seilhamer, of the scene at the old Southwark on such an occasion. He says:

The President "frequently occupied the East stage-box, which was fitted up expressly for his reception. Over the front of the box was the United States coat-of-arms and the interior was gracefully festooned with red drapery. The front of the box and the seats were cushioned. According to John Durang, Washington's reception at the theatre was always exceedingly formal and ceremonious. A soldier was generally posted at each stage-door; four soldiers were placed in the gallery; a military guard attended. Mr. Wignell, in a full dress of black, with his hair elaborately powdered in the fashion of the time and holding two

(Concluded on page 323)



Helen Weathersby

Maude Granger

Jessie Busley

Act. I. Nancy pokes fun at the contents of the barrel.



Maud Hosford

Patricia Collinge

Act. I. Pollyanna is glad to see her old friend, the missionary barrel.



Earle Browne

Herbert Kelcey

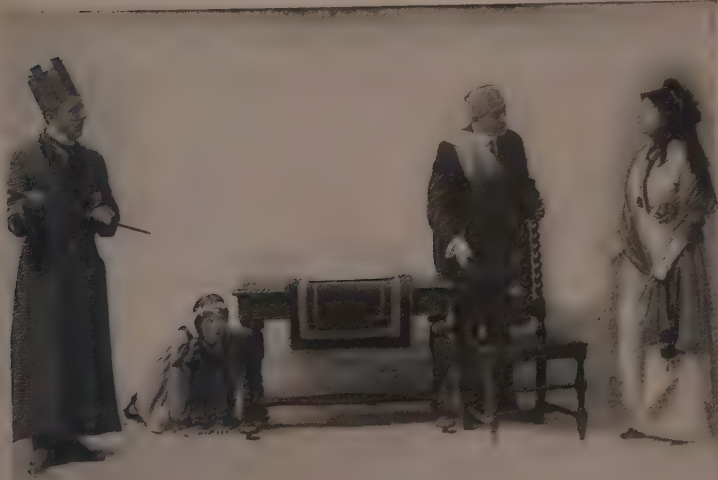
Patricia Collinge

Act. II. Dr. Chilton introduces "King Grouch" to Pollyanna.



Photos White

Act II. Pollyanna tells the story of the Princess and gains the affection of "King Grouch"



Earle Browne

Patricia Collinge

Herbert Kelcey

Effie Shannon

Act. III. Aunt Polly comes in search of her troublesome ward.



Herbert Kelcey

Effie Shannon

Earle Browne

Patricia Collinge

Act. IV. Pollyanna, completely cured, returns home.

SCENES IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF "POLLYANNA" AT THE HUDSON

GOOD SKETCHES RARE AS RADIUM IN VAUDEVILLE

By NELLIE REVELL



A SKETCH! A sketch! My circuit for a sketch!"

Of course, no vaudeville magnate has yet earned the right to have his name handed down to posterity by paraphrasing the utterance of the regal one so pinched by necessity that he wanted to sacrifice his kingdom for a horse as duly recorded by the vigilant and indefatigable Will Shakespeare. But close students of the varieties wouldn't be at all surprised to see one of the powers that be in that particular field of amusement endeavor so declare himself one of these fine theatrical days.

Perhaps he wouldn't volunteer to exchange such a material possession as a string of theatres for so spiritual an article as a sketch, still one must make allowances for the provocation. That the provocation is puissant is manifest even to the most casual of the patrons of Broadway vaudeville theatres. A good dramatic playlet is as rare as radium and infinitely more useful than the radioactive element discovered in pitchblende by Madam Curie.

To continue the simile further, just as radium possesses the property of giving off luminous and actinic rays, so does the one-act play illuminate and regenerate a vaudeville program. It has come to be regarded as an elixir of life by those who take their vaudeville seriously and are genuinely concerned about the advancement of that form of entertainment. Which probably explains why it is so much in demand and so hard to supply.

As has been stated in these papers before and now reiterated, the Washington Square Players, who recently outgrew their quarters in the Bandbox Theatre and removed to the Comedy, have been doing yeoman service for vaudeville. They have given and will continue to give many meritorious vehicles but unfortunately every playlet that wins favor on their programs cannot be expected to go into vaudeville and do likewise.



IT is one of the peculiarities of the vaudevilles that its material must possess certain distinctive qualities of so ambiguous character that they cannot be intelligently defined—yet when that "something" is missing its absence is acutely visible although still indescribable when present, if this paradox can be figured out without upsetting your mental equilibrium—and it is because of this whim of Queen Variety that her subjects finding her sovereignty so exasperating.

A notable instance of recent appearance was Miss Zoe Akins' free verse fantasy "The Magical City," which Arthur Hopkins did at the Palace with Miss Margaret Mower as Petronelle. Although not announced for a limited engagement, its vaudeville life was confined to one consecutive week because it was not adapted to variety requirements. In another environment, it is easy to see how it might live long and prosper.

Although not of Bandbox Theatre origin nor strictly speaking a dramatic sketch, for it was more of an educational

novelty than anything else, the fate of Eleanor Gates' "Swat the Fly" is illustrative of the extreme difficulties confronting the playwrights, no matter how rich in imagination and skilled in the technique of the drama, when they try to fashion a garment that will fit snugly over vaudeville's irregular lines. The study in microbes, the danger of the fly as a disease breeder and the evils of vivisection developed by this sketch proved altogether too scientific for two-a-day students of bacteriology.



A RICHLY staged and pretentious offering is that of Hermine Shone and company called "The Evolution of Life," which the program describes as a poetic fantasy in seven scenes and which is also authority for the information that the act was conceived by Ralph Dunbar and written by Harold Clark and Emmet De Voy. The various episodes in the life of a girl from the cradle to motherhood, with the continuous conflict between Poetry and Reality are skilfully depicted in a becoming background, and while it is by no means the best vehicle Miss Shone has appeared in, "The Evolution of Life" adds distinction to vaudeville.

The return to Broadway of Jack Norworth, after two years abroad, was naturally an event in

which a great deal of interest was focussed. Speculation was keen as to how the London climate had affected his personality and appearance, New York admirers recalling his proneness to impersonate the irrepressible American college boy both in speech and dress. In this latter respect he ran true to form, coming back from dear old London town in a typical English walk-in suit and with all the accoutrements. Maybe it was because the audience missed his university cap and garb of picturesque hues and his singing of "The Wise Old Owl" with the aid of his trusty little book, but the fact remains there were those who felt that the Norworth mannerisms, while still in evidence, were stifling under the restraint of British conservatism.

The rapid rise of Ruth Royce from an obscure little Western entertainer to Palace headliner in a period of three short years no doubt is proving the inspiration for many a struggling performer still wasting their fragrance on the desert air of the road. But Miss Royce's recent engagement on Broadway suggests other things just now and one of these is the advisability of exercising greater care in the selection of songs for "vaudeville's youngest singing comedienne."

Probably an overzealous song publisher, intent only upon marketing his wares, was responsible for her submitting a number of such risqué tendencies that it brought down upon her head the sharp criticism of the daily press, the incident resulting in the immediate suppression of the offending song. Living down a reputation as a delineator of double entente compositions is more difficult than ascending to the heights Miss Royce has attained and the supposition is the young artiste has profited by her distressing experience.

Minus the badge of minstrelsy—burnt cork—so long and so honorably worn by Lew Dockstader, this merry monologist is now appearing for the edification of the nation as a prosperous political boss, his familiar characterization of a certain popular ex-President being relegated to retirement along with the ebony complexion confection. As might be expected, Mr. Dockstader manages to create no end of merriment over affairs of State which the President, Mr. Hughes, Col. Roosevelt, Col. Bryan and other statesmen take seriously.



A RMED with a dramatic voice of convincing sweetness and power, Miss Grace La Rue has carved a niche all her own in the wall of public approval. And as the film folk say, she has also registered as the "single" woman entertainer having the longest run at the Palace next to Nora Bayes, thus proving conclusively how much appreciated real refined art is in the varieties.

Reference to "single" women entertainers—"single," as in the preceding paragraph having no bearing on the condition, stage or preference of private life but merely a term of the vaudeville vernacular to designate individuals so gifted that they require no assistance to entertain their audiences—is not complete

(Concluded on page 322)



RUTH ST. DENIS AND TED SHAWN

Miss St. Denis, aided by Ted Shawn (her husband), are prominent among the production dancers in vaudeville. For years Miss St. Denis has enjoyed a vogue all her own. More recently she has been interesting herself in Greek pageant affairs in California, but again she is back in the varieties, captivating audiences by her supreme mastery of her art



HIPOLITO LAZARO, SPANISH TENOR, TO BE HEARD AT THE METROPOLITAN NEXT YEAR

This singer, whose name is new in New York musical circles, was born in Barcelona, twenty-six years ago. It was while serving in the Spanish army that his voice was "discovered." He made his début in Barcelona and later sang at Covent Garden, London, and at the Scala, Milan. He has also sung with success in Cuba and South America. He has been engaged by Signor Gatti Casazza for the Metropolitan Opera House for the season 1917-1918



White.

John E. Hazzard

Sari Petrass

George MacFarlane

Charles Meakins

Georgia O'Ramey

Jed Prouty

"MISS SPRINGTIME," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM



John H. Goldsworthy and Beth Lydy

IN "THE GIRL FROM BRAZIL" AT THE SHUBERT



Charles Purcell and Lina Abarbanell

IN "FLORA BELLA" AT THE CASINO

SCENES IN THREE SUCCESSFUL MUSICAL COMEDIES ON BROADWAY

MR. HORNBLLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



LYCEUM. "MISTER ANTONIO." Comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington. Produced on September 18th with this cast:

Tug	John McCabe
Pearl	Agnes Marc
Antonio Camaradonio	Otis Skinner
Joe	Robert Harrison
June Ramsey	Eleanor Woodruff
George Riddle	Walter F. Scott
Minnie Riddle	Sue Ann Wilson
Avalonia Jorny	Frances Landy
Earl	Patterson McNutt
Mrs. Jorny	Louise Sydmet
Milton Jorny	Joseph Brennan
Rev. Jesse Walpole	Ernest A. Elton
Mrs. Walpole	Jessie Crommette
Mr. Cooder	William Lorenz
Mrs. Cooder	Winona Dennison

TO fit Otis Skinner with a suitable part should, I think, be an easy task for the average hack dramatist.

In the first place Mr. Skinner can act; further he has a breezy, slashing, romantic style that few possess these days.

Yet here is Mr. Booth Tarkington, a genuine artist in letters, turning out for him "Mr. Antonio," a long, windy, artificial comedy as unreal to life as it is tedious in its long, drawn-out development.

It started well with a scene in a Third Avenue barroom, full of color and humor, but when the action shifted to a pasteboard village with marionette inhabitants the interest promptly suspended.

Mr. Skinner plays an itinerant organ-grinder, Italian by nationality, who slurs up the narrow hypocritical propensities of a Pennsylvania Mayor and his smug satellites. Incidentally a very young and imposed upon poor relation follows the Italian to the big city.

As Antonio Camaradonio, Mr. Skinner is fluently eloquent and picturesque in speech and action. It is only a pity that these qualities haven't a further consequence.

John McCabe as a tough bartender is quite in the picture, while a street derelict as acted by Miss Agnes Marc also has the true metropolitan touch.

The young girl is neatly played by Eleanor Woodruff and the smug contingent is entirely efficient.

"Mr. Antonio" is an actor's play pure and simple. The protagonist hogs it all.

HUDSON. "POLLYANNA." Comedy in four acts by Catherine Chisholm Cushing, based on the like-named novel by Eleanor H. Porter. Produced on September 18th with this cast:

Mrs. Carmody	Maude Granger
Miss Carroll	Helen Weathersby
Mrs. Gregg	Maud Hosford
Nancy	Jessie Busley
Miss Polly Harrington	Effie Shannon
Pollyanna Whittier	Patricia Collinge
Jimmy Bean	Stephen Davis
John Pendle'on, Esq.	Philip Merivale
Bleecker	Harry Barfoot
Doctor Chilton	Herbert Kelcey
Jimmy Bean	Taylor Graves

PATRICIA COLLINGE is very sweet in "Pollyanna." In fact, it is hard to see how anything could be sweeter than both play and player. Like another Peg o' My Heart, she comes into the homes of crabbed grouch and proves a miracle girl whose powers of conversion equal those of the Third Floor Back.

Like Peg, too, Pollyanna has had a father who has taught her optimism, and she passes it on in great quantities not only to the rest of the cast but to the audience as well. She softens the hearts of spinster and bachelor to such an extent that a once-loving pair, who have not spoken to each other for twenty years, proceed forthwith to get married. She finds homes for cats, dogs, and children.

The honors of the performance are naturally Miss Collinge's. In working out the theme the authors have not attempted anything more than a remote resemblance to humanity among the other characters. And it would be hard to find any relation to reality in the plot. But Miss Collinge is charming always, and more than once she makes her pathos ring true, particularly in the second act when she apostrophizes her dead mother's portrait. So delightful a girl deserves a much more interesting husband than the authors provide for her in the person of Jimmy, the orphan, who grows amazingly in the course of five years.

In fact, the fourth act is an atrocity, being utterly devoid of action and containing the most ridiculous effort at suspense imaginable. Its saving moment is the return of Sodom and Gomorrah, the cat and the dog, whose impersonation, by the way, is perfect.

All that army of playgoers that loved "Daddy Long Legs" will love this peach melba drenched in syrup, called "Pollyanna." Everything depends on whether you have a natural taste for stage confectionery, a theatrical sweet tooth. As for me, I wanted to run out to the nearest delicatessen and eat a dill pickle.

GLOBE. "THE AMBER EMPRESS." Musical comedy in two acts. Music by Zoel Parenteau, book and lyrics by Marcus C. Connelly. Produced on September 19th with this cast:

Tom Brenner	Donald Macdonald
Pete	George Schiller
Carl Lumleigh	Maurice Boddington
Trixie Scott	Louise Allen
Sheldon Scott	Thomas Conkey
Count Ruffano	Lew Christy
Sam Lewis	John Daly Murphy
Mrs. Harriet Scott	Emma Janvier
Percival Hopkins	Frank Lalor
Beverly Mason	Mabel Wilber
The Doge of Venice	Ronald Green
Giovanni	Paul Pollock
Harry Austin	Andrew Higginson
Liza Jones	Daisy Revett
The Premiere Danseuse	Claire Lorraine

THE AMBER PRINCESS" had only short life at the Globe. As musical comedies go nowadays it was not bad of its kind.

It afforded opportunity for a new prima donna, Mabel Wilber, not seen before in New York, but who has won her arias and spot lights honestly in other fields. She is graceful and modest and sings well.

Donald Macdonald is known as one who can manage his dance steps with the best of them. Frank Lalor has harvested a good deal of laughter in his time, and if he was not as amusing in Venice as he has been in other latitudes and longitudes, he was not wholly without an irradiating force of humor there. The composer is new, with occasional old tunes, but what composer is free of reminiscence? In fact, the music was often charming.

The story revolving around a moving picture camera, was a fanciful thing in which there are adventures in love, misunderstandings, and happy solutions of difficulties. An Italian fortune hunter lays his plans to marry a rich American widow while her son wants to marry the queen of the camera in a picture that is being filmed. Mabel Wilber

was the lady of the camera. Louise Allen and Emma Janvier were also of the cast.

EMPIRE. "CAROLINE." Comedy in three acts by Wm. Somerset Maugham. Produced on September 20th with this cast:

Caroline Ashley	Margaret Anglin
Maude Fulton	Florence Edney
Isabella Trench	Viva Birkett
Cooper	Lillian Brennard
Robert Oldham	Charles Dalton
Dr. Cornish	Arthur Chesney
Rex Cunningham	Rex McDougall

MIDDLE-AGED love, according to Mr. Maugham, proves largely a matter of indifference.

When his Caroline, after waiting ten years for an inconvenient husband to die, gains her opportunity to wed her faithful barrister, both adopt the slogan, "Stay out: the water's chilly." Add philanderings with an elderly physician, a young romanticist whose love of suffering is Byronic, a pert spinster, and a sympathetic woman, whose husband is considerably absent—and you have what the author seems to think is a play.

As a matter of fact I should prefer to see "Caroline" labelled a Dolly dialogue. It is described as a light, not to add polite, comedy. Mr. Maugham spins his gossamer threads of drama so fine that they are often invisible to the naked eye. The result is very thin entertainment, relying upon about a two per cent solution of wit.

I chuckled frequently at the little delicately barbed satiric darts in "Caroline," but I couldn't help yearning for a touch of Wilde or Shaw that would drive home. Mr. Maugham's wit is not sparkling or brilliant; it is for the most part rather commonplace small talk. A few minutes of it would be many times as effective as a few hours, and the piece ought to be trimmed at least by half. Life seems quite a bore to Mr. Maugham's people—at their age—and they pass the feeling unmodified across the footlights.

Miss Anglin brings much artistry to her performance, but there is no warmth in the part of Caroline, and the actress adds none to it. Charles Dalton puts much comic spirit into the barrister whose love begins to dwindle, peak and pine, the moment gratification looms in view. The rest do all they can. They are only puppets out of some antique morality, bandying frivolous chatter and keep-

ing as far away as possible from life.

You may recall that one W. Shakespeare wrote a piece on a similar plan—calling it aptly "Love's Labor's Lost"—but he wrote it when he was very young.

CORT. "UPSTAIRS AND DOWN." Comedy in three acts by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on September 25th with this cast:

Anthony Ives	Fred Tilden
Nancy Ives	Christine Norman
Robert Van Courtland	Orlando Daly
Elsie Hunt	Roberta Arnold
Elizabeth Chesterton	Mary Servoss
Alice Chesterton	Juliette Day
Tom Cary	Paul Harvey
Capt. Terance O'Keefe	Courtney Foote
Sprang	Arthur Elliott
Pierre	Alfred Hesse
Rosalie	Adoni Fovieri
Nelly	Ida St. Leon
Craig	William MacDonald
Louis Letour	Leo Carrillo

IT is extraordinary the point of view some people possess. I wonder how familiar that Chicago domestic firm, the Hattons, Fred and Fanny, are with the real social life of Long Island.

Their presentation of the doings of the idle rich in "Up Stairs and Down" as supposed to exist on our popular insular suburb is quite extraordinary. In an apparent attempt to be as vulgar as possible, they have succeeded most admirably. A more ineffably common show has not been presented here in a long time. False, flashy and trivial, their three-act comedy has no relation to life or fact. It is a palpable bid for the support of the meretricious.

The action of the piece concerns not only the philanderings of the masters and mistresses but their servants as well. The principal situation is evoked by a "baby vampire," who, in order that she may marry a certain man, calmly declares at the utter expense of truth that he has ruined her. She fails, however, in her dastardly attempt and becomes equally satisfied with a fat headed polo player with millions.

The rest of the happenings is on a plane with this precious proceeding. The dialogue is crude. Double entendre is not absent. Speech is openly violent and coarse.

Fred Tilden and Christine Norman represent a couple who drift apart and get together again. Orlando Daly and Roberta Arnold are social parasites. Juliette Day is the baby vampire and her fatuous lover is played

by Paul Harvey with real humor. Captain O'Keefe is an attractive figure in speech and bearing as personated by Courtney Foote, while Mary Servoss also brings to the case some impartment of delicacy.

The servants are well-looked after. Leo Carrillo is a mercurial and amusing valet, Arthur Elliott an oily butler, William MacDonald a very characteristic chauffeur, Ida St. Leon a pert and sophisticated parlor maid, Adoni Fovieri a knowing French maid and Alfred Hesse, a comic chef with an eye to the main chance.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "MISS SPRINGTIME." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Emmerich Kalman, book by Guy Bolton. Produced on September 25th with this cast:

Paul Pilgrim	Charles Meakins
Michael Robin	John E. Hazzard
Katski Schmidt	Josie Intropodi
Henry Wenzel	Nick Burnham
Hugo Knaus	Maurice Cass
Rosika Wenzel	Sari Petrass
Jo Varady	George MacFarlane
Maimie Stone	Georgia O'Ramey
Dustin Stone	Jed Prouty
Officer	William Cohan
Inspector Block	Percy Woodley
Secretary	Wayne Nunn
Maitre de Ballet	Fred Nice
Premiere Danseuse	Ada Weeks
Russie	Audrey Burton
Cessie	Billie Vernon

MISS SPRINGTIME" is good all through, vernal and fresh and blithesome; of the stage at times, if you will, just sufficient unto itself, as good as anything of its kind and better than anything done for years.

Here is the gayety and artistry of Budapest, but with the limpid clarity of the Blue Danube modified, but not disturbed, by the tributary of American methods and pleasantries.

Sari Petrass, the newcomer from Budapest with song and dance, is amiability itself, with a smile that rebukes all thought of war. She won a welcome that will last at the New Amsterdam for the season and as long as she sojourns with us. Her voice is pleasant, not remarkable, but she has that naturalness which is so charming when developed by the best artistry of the best foreign schools.

George MacFarlane, never more irresistible in tone qualities and feeling, may be accounted the second force in the opera. John E. Hazzard is third, provoking laughter in abundance, much of it by what he does, more by what he says of his

own. He has contributed a most amusing burletta, "Old Fashioned Drama," in which he, Jed Prouty and Miss O'Ramey excite unrestrained laughter.

As usual in comic opera the songs of sentiment are the best. Among the most piquant "*A Very Good Girl on Sunday*," "*This is the Existence*," "*A Bid for Sympathy*," "*The Love Monopoly*" and "*My Castle in the Air*" have the springtime of love and youth in them and are worth the while.

Julian Mitchell in staging and in arranging the dances, Joseph Urban in scenery that is locally characteristic as well as characteristic of his gripping method in giving significance to what he shows in a scheme of color, provide the distinguishing qualities of this very successful production.

COHAN AND HARRIS. "THE INTRUDER." Drama by Cyril Harcourt. Produced on September 26th with this cast:

Rene Levardier	Frank Kemble Cooper
Pauline Levardier	Olive Tell
George Guerand	Vernon Steel
Baptiste	Lawrence White
The Stranger	H. Cooper-Cliffe
Natalie	Dorie Sawyer
Commissaire of Police	Frederick Esmelton
Agent of Police	J. H. Greene
Agent of Police	A. H. Reno
François	George Barr
First Clerk	F. G. Harley
Second Clerk	Kenneth Keith

FOR two acts Mr. Cyril Harcourt has in "The Intruder" a good old-fashioned Scribian melodrama.

After that the staunch ship goes on the rocks and almost founders.

It is a matter of burglary complicating the triangle. The money thief blackmails the love thief, and inadvertently puts the latter in a position where he has to confess one or the other of the thefts. Of course, he lies like a gentleman to save the lady's name. Then the husband, a magistrate, listens to much preaching and sets the lover free.

Where have I seen things like that before? Decidedly, on the stage only, and often. The trouble with "The Intruder" is that, after moving along for two acts with plenty of the suspense and some of the surprise essential to melodrama, it abruptly turns serious and tries to live up to the description "drama" which the author (or the management) has given it.

And it didn't have to be so. Miss

Olive Tell's appealing impersonation of the wife had quite won the general heart—even though she had picked out so wooden a lover as Vernon Steel proved to be. Then came H. Cooper Cliffe, *débonair* and winsome; and I thought, another Raffles! Certainly he put pounds of "pep" into Act II. And all through the early stages of Act III I kept hoping Mr. Cliffe would turn up as a god out of the machine and cleverly unravel the complications he had caused—save the lady's name and the husband's faith, and the lover's life and everything.

But he didn't. He just went straight to his dressing-room and took off his make-up and left the others to talk away—or preach away—Act III as best they could.

Mr. Harcourt's puppets are said to be French. But they are decidedly not French of Paris—they are all "after the schole of Stratford-atte-Bowe." The only thing Parisian is the wronged-husband's-revenge business. That and quantities of "Sardoodledum."

FULTON. "ARMS AND THE GIRL." Comedy in three acts by Grant Stewart and Robert Baker. Produced on September 27th with this cast:

Madame Coolen	Marie Hassell
Toinette	Ethel Intropidi
Olga Karnovitch	Suzanne Jackson
Burgomaster	Paul Cazeneuve
Ruth Sherwood	Fay Bainter
Wilfred Ferrers	Cyril Scott
Lieut. Von Elbe	J. Malcom Dunn
General Klaus	Henry Vogel
Captain Schultz	H. F. DeMont
Jack Martin	Francis Byrne
Corporal	Karl Dietz

AS the prophet might have said: There shall be wars and humors of wars.

Messrs. Stewart and Baker draw the fun for "Arms and the Girl" from the invasion of Belgium. I am tempted to suggest as topics having equally amusing possibilities the epidemic of poliomyelitis and the massacres in Armenia. I suppose a national crucifixion does have its funny side, but to write comedies about it seems a bit grim when things are all so recent.

In other words, I'd rather see Henry Vogel as a "Marie-Odile" German officer of 1870 than as a Boche of 1914, though he is most entertaining in either case. In "Arms and the Girl" his national efficiency leads him to marry a couple of young American tourists who have known each other but ten min-

utes, and then to try to get their honeymoon started for them without delay. You know, of course, how intrinsically and excruciatingly comic the mere idea of a bridal chamber is—at least on the stage.

The playwrights do their best with this material and are rewarded with much chuckling. Called a comedy, their piece is really a melodramatic farce, and it drags considerably during long stretches. Act I is forever getting started, and the maneuverings for the centre-stage clutch of the juveniles at the final curtain seem interminable. Cyril Scott puts spirit and dash into the husband-in-spite-of-himself, though he cuts a pathetic figure disguised as the landlady of an inn for the sake of a second act climax. Miss Fay Bainter seems an as yet unspoiled and gifted ingénue.

There is much goose-stepping, some excellent German, and some fearful French. (This is the open season for "Muhseering.") And the action has to wait quite often on dialogue boasting such epigrammatic remarks as this: "In time of war prepare for trouble."

COMEDY. WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS. "The Sugar House," by Alice Brown; "Lover's Luck," by Georges de Porto-Riche; "A Merry Death," by Nicholas Wreynov; and "Sisters of Susanna," by Philip Moeller. Presented on October 2nd with the following players:

Gladys Wynne, Marjorie Vonnegut, Arthur E. Hohl, Miriam Kiper, José Ruben, Helen Westley, Philip Tonge, Edward Balzerit, Erskine Sanford, Florence Enright, Spalding Hall, Mary Coates.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS continue to give things that are "different."

That is commendable policy if the new things are worth the while, although the new often involves the experimental. There is, however, a limit to experiment. Has not that limit been reached in the experimenting with plays of doubtful morality? Of course there is a certain curiosity to see and hear much-talked of pieces by foreign dramatists of distinction, which pieces would not gain any foothold whatever in the open market. This is true of the second play in the latest bill. "Lovers' Luck," from the French of Porto-Riche, which concerns quadrilateral infidelity in marriage. If you like that sort of thing

it may be accounted very clever. A husband's mistress, the wife of a friend, solves the situation by determining to leave Paris for London. No doubt the dialogue and the study of these souls who are ready, after the fall of the curtain, to find and pursue other intrigues may interest some people.

"The Sugar House," a one-act play by Alice Brown, is more to the purpose than "Children of Earth." A young married man has abandoned his wife, and is living in the cabin at the sugar camp with a girlish blonde siren of his own village. The villagers are about to mob him. In the end the young husband is restored to his wife, the blonde being driven out. Not a very remarkable play, but a real one; not new but genuine.

"A Merry Death," a harlequinade from the Russian of Nicholas Evreinov, is the kind of production in which the players excel. For simplicity of scenery, blues skies, effectiveness of lighting, significance of details, they are to be accepted as deserving of public attention.

"Sisters of Susanna" is a Biblical farce by Philip Moeller. Susanne has always been an appetizing myth, and Mr. Moeller has played on it designedly. Parts of it are amusing, other parts brazenly vulgar.

The players are becoming professional in their acting. Mary Coates and José Ruben made distinctive impressions. They have newly joined the company.

ASTOR. "HIS MAJESTY BUNKER BEAN." Farce by Lee Wilson Dodd, from the novel of Harry Leon Wilson. Produced on October 2nd with the following cast:

Pops	Charles Abbe
Bulger	Jack Devereaux
Larabee	Horace Mitchell
The Flapper	Florence Shirley
Mason	John Hogan
Bunker Bean	Taylor Holmes
The Waster	Harry C. Power
Mops	Marion Kerby
The Big Sister	Clara Louise Moores
Grandma, the Demon	Lillian Lawrence
The Countess	Grace Peters
Maid	Annette Westbay
Balthazar	Walter Sherwin
The Greatest Left-Handed Pitcher	
the World Has Ever Known	Robert Kelly
Janitor	George C. Lyman
The Lizzie Boy	Belford Forrest
Louis	George O'Rourke
The Very Young Minister	John Hogan

IN dramatizing Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's well-known novel, Mr. Dodd has preserved the original

characters and the story with more fulness perhaps than was necessary.

As a story the play is thin. A weak underling, a stenographer, not self-assertive enough to make his way in the world, is persuaded that he is the reincarnation of Napoleon, an Egyptian monarch and other strong characters. Of course he is a fool to believe it and is not the stuff to make a hero of except in a farcical way. The idea is not logically followed out. He really does nothing to indicate a new character.

But Taylor Holmes is so good at comedy and the business of it that he is constantly amusing.

Charles Abbe as the irascible father get everything that can be got out of the temperamental business man.

In fact the play is an actor's play. Nearly every one of these eighteen characters has opportunities and their bits of acting make the play enjoyable.

39TH STREET THEATRE.
"BACKFIRE." Melodramatic play in four acts by Stuart Fox. Presented on October 2nd with this cast:

Hiram Page	Frederick Truesdell
Lydia Page	Mary Boland
Marjory Page	Adrienne Bonnell
Mathew Garth	Ogden Crane
Herbert Garth	Henry Gsell
Sally Garth	Aileen Poe
Silas Donaldson	Walter Horton
Bob Padgett	Roy Briant
Frederick Harvey	William Bonelli
Doctor Maynard	
Dupin	Fred W. Peters
Jules	Martin Cheesman
Maid	Caroline Campe

SOMETIMES I half regret that the punishment of boiling in oil has been abolished. It was so with me after I had seen "Backfire." Certainly such productions make me an advocate of a dramatic censorship: my censor would see to it that any new play was at least half-way worth while before it could be produced.

The backfiring was done by Mary Boland, who did the Mary Turner stunt from "Within the Law," marrying her hated employer's son, further mixing up his already muddled business affairs, and generally getting a revenge which she renounced for love of her young husband—the emptiest-pated "juvenile" the season has disclosed.

The piece is utterly deficient in novelty of plot, reality of characterization or cleverness of dialogue. The most absurd puppets marched on and off, chattering platitudes, and

struggling hard to vitalize banality. Only the actors laughed at the jokes; the audience did its laughing at the "situations" and the "serious" lines. My sympathy went out to Frederick Truesdell. Surely no actor ever had a more ridiculous rôle to attempt than that of the ruined cotton manufacturer who turned night watchman in his rival's plant.

GLOBE. "BETTY." Musical comedy in three acts by Frederick Lonsdale and Gladys Unger. Music by Paul A. Rubens, lyrics by Adrian Ross and Paul A. Rubens. Produced on October 3rd with this cast:

Duke of Crowbridge	Joseph Herbert
Gerard	Joseph Santley
Lord D'Arcy	Playne
	Raymond Hitchcock
David Playne	Master Lowrie
Hon. Victor Halifax	Henry Vincent
Achille Jotte	Peter Page
Hiller	Sam Burbank
Alf	Master Crumpton
Cedric	Alan Fagan
Lathers	Eugene Revere
Dora	Katherine Stewart
Chiquette	Justine Johnstone
Jane	Marion Davies
Betty	Ivy Sawyer

BETTY, the new musical comedy in which Raymond Hitchcock disports himself, may be native to London, but the English of it is insignificant compared with the distinct American personality of the comedian.

He is as much like a modern English lord, either of the stage type or of real life, as a potato-peeler. His free-handed satire may hit off certain of the less obvious and subtle characteristics of titled creatures, and a great deal of fun is got out of it; but Raymond Hitchcock is himself. He is a monologist, a superman among them, and is extremely diverting.

"Marriage is an institution" Hitchcock is told. His retort may be of his own manufacture or be by Longsdale or Miss Unger. It is immaterial. The retort is, "Yes, but who wants to live in an institution?"

"Betty" is English in its decent regard for the opinions of mankind. We see this in the dressing of the chorus and in the absence of vulgarities of any kind. It is English in having an intelligible story, if thin. A young lordling, told that he must give up his single life and marry forthwith, falls in love with a servant maid in the house and marries her. Can't you see the play?

Miss Ivy Sawyer, newly come

(Concluded on page 326)



© Charles Frohman, Inc.

ELEANOR WOODRUFF AND OTIS SKINNER
IN "MISTER ANTONIO" AT THE LYCEUM



Photos White

PEGGY O'NEIL AND WILLIAM COURTLIGH
IN "THE FLAME" AT THE 44TH STREET



HENRY HULL AND MARY NASH IN "THE
MAN WHO CAME BACK" AT THE PLAYHOUSE



WILLIAM COLLIER AND THERESA MICHIELINA IN
"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH" AT THE LONGACRE

SCENES IN FOUR POPULAR ATTRACTIONS ON BROADWAY

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT ACTING

By ARTHUR DIBLEY



IN all acting there is, possibly, one particular thing that each must do supremely well.

Take Bernhardt for instance. Such moments in the acting of that wonderful woman are so multitudinous that they are almost impossible to visualize or annotate. And yet there are peaks even on this mountain top, isolated places that loom and glisten brilliantly in the memory. For example, her cry in "L'Aiglon" at the moment of dissolution when in his death delirium the plaintive boy yearns with all his childish heart for his mother. Through all the play, the lad has been so manful, so adamant, but at the final moment he is a child again, as many are in death. Here again is the unerring true psychology of Bernhardt. Another supreme moment is in "Tosca" where at the moment of complete despair in the presence of her tormentor, Scarpia, she suddenly catches sight of the knife that opens a way to deliverance. Bernhardt here transfixes the audience with her eyes, as absolutely as a dagger might pierce a butterfly. Another is in "Camille" where she suddenly senses the real mission, the import of the visit of Duval père and you see her prophetic soul die within her as she slowly sinks into a chair and rests her head on her hands—a little heap of abysmal misery.



MY first impression of "the Duse" was that of a woman weeping in a sort of dumb, impotent way. Of all sorrow that I ever saw depicted upon the stage this seemed the most poignant and appealing. It was like a dog that had been kicked. I noticed the same thing in the great Italian actor, Novelli. No one has ever cried on the stage to me as have these two artists. They made you feel uncomfortable, as though some *faux pas* had been precipitated in the play that should not have occurred. When I beheld Novelli weep it was in "Lear" and when the old man was deserted by his daughters, the actor simply broke your heart. He cried in such a quiet, dumb, hopeless way. It was the greyest grief I had ever seen on the stage with the exception of Duse in "Cavalleria Rusticana." In "Lear," Novelli used a wonderful bit of business when his troubles drove him mad—he plucked at invisible straws. With eyes staring and hands outstretched he was ever reaching phantom objects suspended in mid air! It was the epitome of madness and illustrated in a vivid, authoritative touch the flash of an unbalanced mind. In the audience the night that I saw the performance at the Lyric Theatre in New York was Julia Marlowe, who was watching intently from a box. A few months afterwards I went to see Miss Marlowe as Ophelia. In her mad scene (ever a particularly fine piece of work) she suddenly began plucking at straws just as Novelli did. This was the second or third time I had seen her in the part and I did not remember her doing this before. In this I may be in error and it may have been neither imitation nor unconscious imitation but in any event it illustrates the interesting fact again, that great minds think

alike and makes one think of the story told me by one of her admirers that she was watching a performance of Miss Marlowe as Juliet. It was in the Potion Scene, I think, when Duse (Juliet) said: "I am just an ignorant girl. She is doing all my business." The actor who told me this seemed to think it proved the fact that if a state of mind were truly and thoroughly dissected the result in expression must be the same! Yet Duse with all her reputed intelligence seemed petrified with astonishment!



A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF SARAH BERNHARDT

This picture was taken last summer at Nice after she had undergone an operation for the amputation of her leg

In Goldini's "La Locandiera" Duse is a delicious comedienne, arch, coquettish, demure, alluring and quite bewitching all at once also fascinatingly young and pretty, so unlike her usual stage self!



IT was in the big moments in D'Annunzio's strange, abnormal plays that Duse found her greatest opportunity, and for this the world must ever be grateful to the Italian poet. In "Citta Morte" I saw her twice and once in "Gioconda" and "Francesca da Rimini." In one sense there are no "moments" in Duse's acting but D'Annunzio's plays certainly give her a vent of self expression that no other dramatist or poet has been able to do. In discussing this one day with a friend, Duse said of D'Annunzio: "He has opened up new doors to me." There is little impression, if any, of "acting" in Duse's stage work. When I think of her Anna in "Citta

Morte" it is only as a real woman and not as a stage actress. Duse is able to take the soul, the brain, the heart of a woman and lay it as bare before you as a surgeon can dissect the anatomy of a hidden and obscure bone in our physical anatomy. There is never any question about the intimate, inner life of any creature after seeing Duse live her before you on the stage.

So much for her technique which apparently does not exist. Where she makes her most irresistible appeal is when she reveals the soul of her soul. This appears in her voice, hands especially; it has lined and modeled her features into a mask which the whole world kneels to. The sacrifice Duse is utterly impossible, she partakes too much of the Infinite. In the passing of years she looks up at me more as a benign Providence. She is much more than a mere actress, she is a sublime being. More than any man living to-day, she is the one life is their work and vice versa. With her is indeed an interpretation, maybe an interruption. Living with her has always been, I imagine, the most difficult idea and reason for existence. It is, of course, that has made her human, earthly experience so tragic, so common. Hers are the most desolate eyes I have ever seen—the most hungry and most hurt. She weeps as she looks. At this she once made an illuminating remark. "Ten years ago I wept—now my audiences weep." Her pathos has a dry quality that is most poignant in inducing an audience to tears.



JULIA MARLOWE is reported to have said: "As a young actress I used to think I was most effective as Juliet when I wept most, but I learned later that my audiences were the most moved when I cried the least." Duse's soul weeps; her heart bleeds; her nerves crack before you but her eyes are rarely moist. She has reached a land far beyond tears. She seems to gaze down on the world like a benign Mona Lisa, as one who can take the world to her heart and control it. She broods over her audience. There is a hush in a theatre where she is playing that pervades a congregation during the August service of a church. It is not uncommon for people to say after seeing her act they feel as though they had been to church. "Her's the sob that has a lance has pierced the heart of Italy."

It is not only on the dramatic stage that one may see great acting. The singing actor has come into his own. The first among the opera artists to attract any particular attention was Enrico Caruso. People became so enthralled over her that she was called the "Singing Duse" when she first loomed upon the horizon in the early nineties.

Before her time it was the conventional thing for a singer not to act. It was thought "good form," judging by the doll-like grimaces that passed for facial expression, the strange little robin-like strut that served for a walk, the conventional automatic movement of the arm that was

(Concluded on page 10)



From a portrait by Cecil, London

E S T E L L E W I N W O O D

An English actress who is playing the leading
feminine rôle in "Hush" at the Little Theatre

THE FRENCH THEATRE SEASON



INTERESTING things are promised lovers of the French drama by Lucien Bonheur, director of the Théâtre Français d'Amérique which opened a preliminary season at the Garrick, October 9th last, with a performance of the Beber and Hennequin operetta "Le Poilu." The company expects to remain at the Garrick until January, when it hopes to move over to the charming new theatre in West 45th Street, in which the Théâtre Français is to be housed hereafter, and which is now approaching completion.

Not only has last year's company been enriched by several artists of note, but a number of changes have been made in the general scope of the organization. Certain interesting events not hitherto possible by reason of a lack of the fine artistic equipment at present at the command of the management, will mark this year's work of the company.

For instance, a series of classical performances with a repertoire embracing the great plays with which the Comédie Française has familiarized Parisian audiences at the House of Molière, will be given throughout the season. Friday afternoons will be devoted to this series, and M. Copaud, who dared present, at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, classical plays in the modern manner, will bring his whole company to New York to aid in this innovation.

Another novelty will be Pierre Wolff's "Living Talks" (causeries vivantes) with marionettes that were once the property of George Sand. For the benefit of the junior list of patrons and patronesses of the French season, Punch and Judy performances will be given three mornings of each week of the regular subscription term.



THAT leaders in that vague circle known as New York society will be active in the interesting events scheduled for the winter, is evidenced in the fact that the scenery is to be in charge of a committee of five prominent women, who have assured the sumptuousness and accuracy of the stage investiture with which the repertoire will be presented, by promising to lend their own furniture, draperies, bibelots and *objets d'art* for the various performances.

While it is not possible at present to give the full repertoire of plays which will be presented at the Théâtre Français, a number of very interesting pieces are already in active preparation.

In addition to favorites of last season and the classical repertoire already alluded to, we shall see Baron de Rothschild's much discussed play, "La Rampe," which was first done at the Gymnase; "Catherine," by Henri Lavedan, in which Miss Elsie de Wolfe made her début as a star when done in English some seasons ago; "Le Lys," by Pierre Wolff, which was produced in English by Mr. Belasco as "The Lily"; Maurice Donnay's "Education d'un Prince"; "Mme. Flirt," and others.

Very beautifully is the French theatre to be

housed, later in the season, in the charming structure in Forty-fifth Street. This house, which is modelled after the most modern Paris theatres, has a seating capacity of seven hundred. There are ten boxes; six on the orchestra and four on the balcony floor, and the auditorium is richly decorated in Louis XVI style. The foyer is decorated with autographed portraits of the most noted French dramatists, as well as those

for professional advancement, but has always been noted, even in a city where stern, classic ideals prevail in the great theatres, as a student in every field remotely touching upon her own art. A finished musician, a writer of charm, an expert judge of ancient and modern porcelains and glass, the actress is also famed in a modest way as a sculptress of merit. Her tiny figurines, ultra modern in spirit and execution, are prized by

collectors and are noted for conveying a strong impression of gaiety and life. Since the beginning of the war Mme. Provost has been very prominent in relief work among the French soldiers. A year ago while appearing in London she was formally notified with due military etiquette, that she had won the honor of a very distinguished soubriquet by her unflagging work for the men in trenches and hospitals at the front. "La petite Caporale," a feminization of the title affectionately bestowed upon the great Napoleon, was the nom de guerre given her, and more highly than her laurels at the Théâtre Français, more highly than all the acclaim bestowed upon her by Paris audiences, she prizes this tribute.



PAULETTE NOIZEAUX, star of the Théâtre Michel in Petrograd, is Russia's contribution to the French Theatre's forces. Mlle. Dione, who will be recalled by patrons of the Théâtre Antoine; Yvonne Mirval, Yvonne Kersac and Mlle. Rolle are also on the roster of the newly organized company.

Newcomers among the men include MM. Chottin, Lomon, Cassin, Peltier, and the romantic Gautier, a member of the famous family which includes the great Théophile and Mme. Judith Gautier. A list of guest-stars including Mme. Cecile Sorel, MM. Joffre—a relative of the French General—Escarot and possibly the incomparable Lucien Guitry will join the company for special engagements. The cast of "Le Poilu" in-

cludes André Bellon, Jeanne Maubourg, Belle Ashlyn, Madeleine D'Espinor, Sidonie Spero, Lucille Kent, Alice Martin, Pierre Mindaist, Gerald Viterbo, and Emil D'Etramont.

A delegation of notable French guests will be present at the opening of the new playhouse. M. Dalimier, Under-Secretary of the Beaux Arts; M. Jean Richepin, noted critic and dramatist and member of the French Académie and Pierre Wolff will be guests of the management at the formal opening of the French season.

With a list of artists so impressive, with a subscription patronage that promises a financially successful as well as ultra-fashionable season, with a home more fitting the higher traditions of art than has ever before housed a foreign company in New York, there seems no reason to doubt that the season will result in the most brilliant series of French performances ever given in America.

The regular season opens November 11th with "Catherine," the comedy by Henri Lavedan.



Photo Reutlinger

JEANNE PROVOST

This première beauty of the Comédie Française, who has been called the French Edna May, is the latest acquisition to the ranks of the brilliant French Theatre Company

of President Poincaré and several members of his cabinet. In addition it is embellished by statues and other art objects presented to the director by the French government.



AND now for the company which is so richly housed.

A number of last season's favorites including Yvonne Garrick, Lillian Greuze, Mme. Diska, the versatile Claude Benedict, and Edgar Becman, are to be retained, and Gilda Darchy, long a favorite at the Odeon, and Jeanne Provost head the list of feminine new comers.

Mme. Provost, première beauty of the Théâtre Français, is called by American admirers the French Edna May on account of a profile resemblance. The likeness is only skin deep, however, since Mme. Provost is an actress of great power as well as of a delicate charm. Mme. Provost, indeed, does not depend on her beauty



Photo Talbot

MME. S. A.
PUGET

Who comes to lecture on the French plays and authors.



CECILE SOREL

Well-known member of the Comédie Française and guest star at the French



Photo Talbot



Photo Reutlinger

M. GAUTIER

Romantic actor and member of the famous. Theophile Gautier family.

JULIETTE CLARENS

(left)

French comedienne, one of the newcomers at the Théâtre Français

ADRIEN FRANK

(right)

A romantic actor and new member of the company.



ARTISTS AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANCAIS, NEW YORK, THIS SEASON

"MACBETH" ACTED IN JAPAN

By ELOISE ROORBACH



THE first performance of Shakespeare's play, "Macbeth," ever given in Japan was at the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo.

This was the third Shakespearean play translated into Japanese and performed by Japanese players. The first, as might be expected, was "Hamlet," the second "Othello."

The Japanese stage is in the throes of a tremendous transition. Chaos and confusion reign as is inevitable when a stream is turned from its accustomed channel into a new and unfamiliar one.

The school of players of which Dr. Tsubouchi was the head dissolved a few years ago and several strong factions rose in its stead. One is the Kindai Gekidan, another the Koshu Gekidan led by the new-school actor Kawai; still another is the Imperial troupe consisting of actors assisted by the triple alliance of Baiko, Koshiro and Sojuro, who deserted the old Kabuki school.

The Imperial troupe is a compromise between the old and the new schools. A widespread interest has been aroused in modern realistic playing, by the enthusiasm of these various organizations.



THE translating of "Macbeth" into Japanese was the work of two brilliant scholars, Dr. Tsubouchi and Dr. Mori. Japanese scholars with whom I talked after one of the performances which I had the pleasure of attending, told me that the translation was almost faultless. It was not possible, they said, to render some of the words into Japanese and preserve Shakespeare's meaning.

To the Japanese in the audience unacquainted with English a literal translation would be meaningless; the great barrier of customs and traditions prevent a word for word translation. For instance, as explained, such words as "devil," "witch," "hell," do not excite the same emotions in the Japanese as they do with us. When Lady Macbeth says "it is too full o' the milk of human kindness," she is unintelligible to them. "To catch the nearest way," must also be liberally translated.

Others are easily understood. Macbeth's cry of surprise in presence of the witches, beginning with "What are these?" and ending with "Live you or are you aught than man may question?" meet instant response. "The sleeping and the dead are but as pictures, 'tis the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil," is as effective in Japanese as English.

All passages where beauty consists in play on words, of similes and analogies naturally are lost upon those not familiar with English.



TO one, unacquainted with the history of the Japanese stage, could possibly appreciate the significance of that performance or realize the amazing labor and tireless study such a production involved. The scenery, light, music, costumes were all innovations to which the Japanese actors and actresses could not be expected to adapt themselves easily.

The actors, and there were about one hundred

in the cast (a new stage record for Japan) had to rise above the inherited tendency to suppress emotion, had to learn a different bowing, different salute and postures, to become at ease in foreign costumes, to walk, to sit, to rise in a new way.

When we who have been to Japan, see the weird and ludicrous efforts of our own actors to imitate the Japanese walk and their supple, graceful way of seating themselves upon the cushions on the floor in even the best American productions of "Madam Butterfly," cannot but admire

came in Japan. With so unusual an opportunity as this was, their great interest and great eagerness to understand and to grasp the beauty of Shakespeare's words and meaning was most touching and impressive.



DURING my residence in Tokyo I witnessed a number of performances of the lyric Nô-dance, the only theatrical performance ever patronized by the Japanese nobility. Without having seen such classic productions I never could have appreciated the significant changes this ambitious and progressive people have made in the last few years.

The first Japanese play was a sort of descriptive dance, a story told in sign language or pantomime, the Japanese love of humor showing itself in extravagant posturing and fantastic costuming. Historians recognize in these old dances, given in the temple enclosure, the first comedies. The twelfth century saw the development of the Nô-dance, a wonderful creation which stands between the mere pantomime dance and a lyric drama. In the Nô-dance was introduced an explanatory song, weirdly chanted by a chorus to the beat of a peculiar hour-glass shaped drum called the Isudzumi.

These plays were written by great scholars and noblemen and priests with the object of educating the people. The actors were not trained as are those of the present day in facial expression. Their object was to educate the heart and then let feeling dictate the acting.

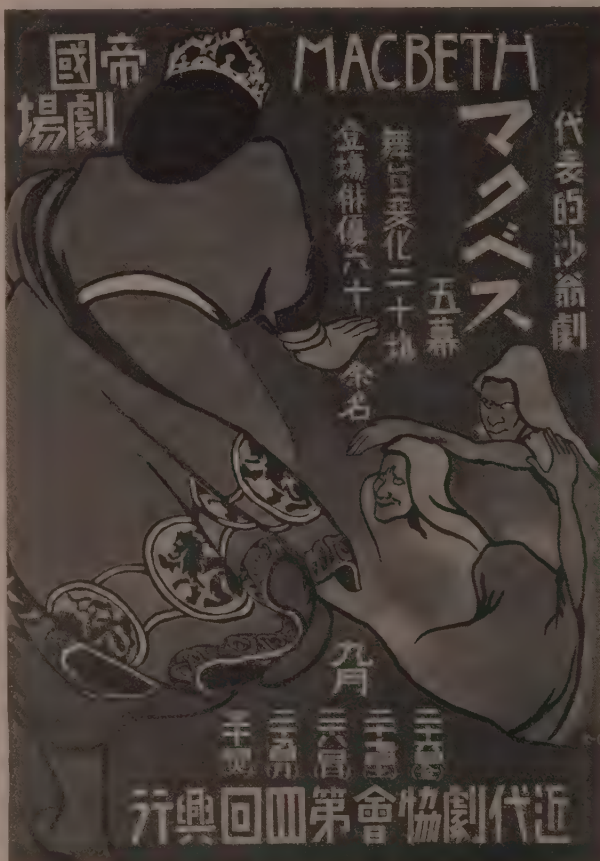


PERFORMANCES of the Nô-dance are given in the Kudan temple enclosure in Tokyo each year. This is the only place that the Emperor ever goes to witness a play. He is never seen in the magnificent Imperial Theatre, but delights to attend the classical performances in this simple temple room. My box was directly in front of the Imperial box, which was separated slightly from the

others, hung with the royal chrysanthemum curtains and supplied with richly embroidered cushions. It was simply a small section of the floor divided from my neighbors by a lacquered railing about twelve inches high. The whole floor of the large hall was divided in these small squares supplied with cushions. People easily stepped over the railings from one box to another and moved about between acts to chat with friends and partake sociably of tea, saki, or sweet-meats. We who were very grand indeed brought our luncheon or rather it was brought in for us by our servants at the proper hour and with much ceremony. Others could order tea or refreshments from the theatre tea room. It may amaze New York audiences who object to the length of a "Parsifal" production, to know that a modern performance of the Nô-dance is now restricted to only eight hours. It formerly began at daybreak and lasted till midnight.

The actors, with great pantomimic genius, managed to convey any illusion desired. The background was

(Concluded on page 320)



Japanese Theatrical Poster announcing the performance of Shakespeare's play "Macbeth" to the Tokyo public

and respect the efforts of those Japanese struggling to understand and accurately recreate the Shakespearean characters of the early English day.

The acting, though amateurish at times, was on the whole quite remarkable. The costumes were accurate and excellent in every detail. The first scene in the first act and the witches' cave were remarkably well done. There was fine color in the throne and banquet room. Wherever suggestiveness, imagination and color was required they triumphed; but wherever realism or perspective was demanded they failed.

Mr. Kato, the Macbeth, is regarded as the most talented Shakespearean actor in Japan. He won great renown for his playing of Polonius in "Hamlet." Madame Uraji Yamakawa, as the queen, showed good dramatic power at times, but presented a most remarkably untraditional sleep-walking scene.

As a whole, however, the performance was good, and judging from the absorbed interest of the audience afforded great pleasure. Every occasion for acquiring knowledge is eagerly wel-



(Left)

A NÔ. DANCE ACTOR IN HISTORICAL COSTUME. IN HIS HANDS IS THE TSUDZUMI, A DRUM USED IN MARKING TIME

(Below)

A BEAUTY OF THE JAPANESE STAGE IN A GORGEOUS OLD TIME COSTUME



JAPANESE PLAYERS IN TRADITIONAL COSTUMES OF THE OLD SCHOOL THEATRE

MR. SOTHERN IN THE MOVIES

By ADA PATTERSON



HE lifted a rubber bag, filled with cracked ice, off his head and offered it to me—offered it with the air of half gallantry, half melancholy, that was part of E. H. Sothern's equipment as the most famous lover on the American stage. I accepted it, and he showed me how to place it where it would do the most good.

"Be sure to keep it at the back of the neck. It cools the entire circulatory system," he assured me.

"We are ready, sir." Director Fred Thomson awaited the star's pleasure.

It was the star's pleasure to take his position behind the pale purple lights, face the camera, and shift quickly back into the skin of "The Man of Mystery." He had been a leisurely gentleman with an engaging smile and a subtle sense of humor. With the gray great coat and a low worn cap he became the man whom no one knew and everybody wanted to know in the character he was filming at the Vitagraph Studio.

"He is the most teachable actor who ever came into this studio," said J. Stuart Blackton, the managing director. "And we have two hundred regularly with us."



DIRECTOR FRED THOMSON was overjoyed when Fate cast him as director of the star he had revered as an artist and loved as a man when he had been his stage manager. He had played parts with him when Mr. Sothern produced "If I Were King."

"He is making the best pictures that were ever turned out of this studio, or any other," asserted the director. "He demonstrates what a man can do when he uses his brain. His pictures are remarkable because of his facial expressions. His brain directed them, not I."

Slipping out of the great coat and joining me at the door for a whiff of air, Mr. Sothern received back the ice bag and held it at the back of his neck. Neither of us smiled at the practical utility. We could not, in the face of that hottest day of August.

"What is it like, coming from the dramatic stage into 'pictures'?" I asked.

"It is coming into a new art," was his reply. "I am deeply interested in it. The necessity of adapting myself to a smaller stage interests me."

"It is leaving a forty-foot stage for a four by three one," interjected Mr. Thomson.

"One cannot make any long, impulsive strides before the camera," smiled Mr. Sothern. "If he makes too large and free a gesture with his arm, the arm is liable to be shown in the picture

without a hand. One has to watch out for this constantly."

"Screen acting, then, is more mathematical than the acting on the dramatic stage."

"No." The man whom we saw for the last time on the stage in a revival of "If I Were King," and to whom two hundred distinguished men and women said farewell at a dinner given to him at the Twilight Club, spoke with the old ring of authority.

"All acting is mathematical. There is a stage of fine frenzy of conception of the part, the delight of study. It is as with you in writing an article. It is written in the heat and zeal of composition. But after that you revise it, carefully, cruelly, do you not? It is placed in a fixed form. That is the mathematics of writing. The last finished form of a character impersonation is mathematical. It must be to be artistic."

"You left the dramatic stage because the tax upon your physical powers was so great. Yet I find you working nine to twelve hours a day in midsummer in a heavy coat and under six big lights," I reproved.

"A day before the screen doesn't leave me as tired as an evening performance of a tragic rôle did," he said earnestly. "A comedy rôle was not so exacting. But the public never knew—we did not want it to know—that after playing the potion scene in 'Romeo and Juliet' my wife had to go to her dressing room and be ministered to by a physician. It is not our province to tell the public that. But the tax upon the physical power, of a heavy tragic rôle, is tremendous. My wife and I are not elderly people but we have both made an overdraft upon the bank of our vitality."

interested for a theatre for the people. I always am deeply interested in making amusement cheap."

"One reason I find motion pictures intensely interesting is the great audience to which an actor plays. Cheap amusement is popular amusement. Popular amusement gives one an immense audience. Mr. Blackton tells me that these three pictures which I shall have done when my twelve weeks' contract is finished, 'The Chattel,' 'The Man of Mystery,' and 'If I Were King,' will be seen by three million persons everyday. To entertain, instruct and perhaps to inspire a little so many persons interests me. I like to be able to do it. And in some theatres this may be done for five cents. Entertainment and instruction and inspiration can be furnished at that price to those who could never expect to pay a dollar and a half, a dollar or even seventy-five cents to go to a theatre to see a play."



HE came back to me again when he had, with grim smile, handed his revolver to his picture valet and shown him how to use the cartridges. He has the habit of unity in thought. He took up the thread of our chat, where it had been broken by a call from the director, tied a neat knot in it and went on as though, in the interval, no difficult "close up" had been achieved.

"I enjoy pictures because I have always seen things in a pictorial way. I have always had keen interest in the composition of pictures. I produced my own plays because I wanted the pleasure of it. I would not have missed the fun of grouping the pictures. The sense of the picture made by a group gave me genuine pleasure."

Watching the work of a director of a motion picture is to me as absorbing as a picture book is to a child. But I have always found everything interesting."

"Do not some persons bore you?"

"No. They have annoyed me, but only for a few minutes." He leaned toward me. We were in an automobile now, bowling toward the house he and Miss Marlowe had taken at Sea Gate for his engagement at the Vitagraph studio. He spoke with the sincerity that has made Sothern stage scenes convincing. "Hating anyone is poison to yourself. The worst that can befall anyone is to be an enemy. His being my enemy is punishment to himself. He does me no harm and does himself infinite injury."

"I have heard that one more picture, a big one, is contemplated, before you leave us."

"I have heard it broached. I don't know whether it will

(Concluded on page 321)



E. H. SOTHERN ACTING FOR THE SCREEN

J. Stuart Blackton, President of the Vitagraph Company, is seen helping in the production

She has a yearning for a home in England. I am yielding to that strong urge of hers. Otherwise I might remain in this country and assist in a movement in which Mr. Otto Kahn is deeply



Celebrity

EDNA HUNTER

Supporting Clara Kimball Young on the screen



Sarony

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE

Appearing in "Betty" at the Globe



Sarony

MIRIAM COLLINS

With William Hodge in "Fixing Sister" at Maxine Elliott's

Sarony

(Right)

LOLA FISHER

Seen recently in Augustus Thomas' play "Rio Grande"

Floyd

(Left)

MARIE SHOTWELL

To play a leading role in Martha Stanley's play "Mockery"



FIVE ATTRACTIVE PLAYERS IN STAGE AND FILM LAND

EXCURSIONS THROUGH AN OLD SCRAP BOOK

No. 2—Adah Isaacs Menken

By WILLIAM SYKES



A WEEK or so ago "Froggy" called me into the library to show me some verses in one of his old Scrap Books. The clippings were from the New York *Sunday Mercury* in the early sixties, poems, *vers libre*, and most of them very well written.

"One of the first American writers of *vers libre* was an actress," said "Froggy," as he read a verse entitled "Myself."

"Away down in the shadowy depths of the
Real I once lived.

I thought that to seem was to be.

But the waters of Marah were beautiful,
yet they were bitter.

I waited, and hoped, and prayed;

Counting the heart throbs and the tears
that answered them.

Through my earnest pleadings for the
True, I learned that the mildest mercy
of life was a smiling sneer;

And that the business of the world was to
lash with vengeance all who dared to
be what their God had made them.

Smother back tears to the red blood of
the heart!

Crush out things called souls!

No room for them here!"

Knowing that "Froggy" wanted to tell the story, I gave him the cue. "Who was she?" I demanded, and here's the story.



ADELAIDE McCORD, known on the stage as Adah Isaacs Menken, was born June 15, 1835, at Milneburg, Louisiana. Her father was a Presbyterian minister who died in 1842, leaving a widow and three small children, Adelaide, Josephine and a brother. A few years later Mrs. McCord married Dr. J. C. Campbell, an army surgeon who saw that the children had a good education. At the age of twelve Adah had translated the *Iliad* of Homer.

Dr. Campbell died in 1855, leaving no estate, and to support themselves Adah and Josephine went on the stage as dancers, appearing at the French Opera House, New Orleans. They immediately became favorites, appearing in Mexico, Cuba, Texas and the South-West. Adah was ambitious to act, and after studying a short time she appeared as Bianca in "Fazio," in New Orleans, again meeting with success.

While engaged as leading woman in the Nashville Stock Company she met and married Alexander Isaacs Menken, a musician, and adopted the Jewish faith in which she died. In less than a year she divorced Menken and married John C. Heenan, "The Benicia Boy," champion heavy-weight fighter of the world. The union was not a happy one and a year or so later she divorced Heenan and married R. H. Newell, the humorist, known as "Orpheus C. Kerr." She lived with him two years, was again divorced and again married, this time to James Barkley, a wealthy Californian. As a wedding present Barkley gave her the four-story brownstone house, No. 530 Seventh Avenue, then considered to be "way up town." She called it "Bleak House," and it is still standing. When I last saw it it was a

French table d'hôte and actor's boarding house.

Adah Menken's career was spectacular from start to finish. She was a dancer, actress, poet, editor of a Texas newspaper, teacher of French and Latin in a female seminary and sculptress. While on a hunting trip in Texas she was once captured by Indians and held for three weeks until rescued by the Texas Rangers. She was once arrested as a Confederate spy in Baltimore, and was elected Captain of the Dayton Light Guards.

Unlike Lola Montez, Adah Menken had great



ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

A talented actress of the early nineteenth century and intimate friend of Charles Dickens, Charles Algernon Swinburne, the elder Dumas, George Sand and other celebrities

ability both as an actress and a dancer. She was very successful in the United States, supporting such stars as Edwin Booth, James E. Murdoch, James H. Hackett and many others. As a star in "Mazeppa," "The French Spy," and "Three Fast Men" she played to enormous receipts. She was the first Mazeppa to be tied to the horse, former Mazeppas having used a dummy. Tom Maguire, the San Francisco manager, payed her \$500 a night for sixty nights—a prodigious salary in those days.

The opening week of her first engagement in Paris in "Les Pirates de la Savane" was a phenomenal success, playing to \$40,000 on the week and the play running one hundred nights. After leaving Paris she appeared with great success in Vienna and London. In the latter city she became the manageress of Sadler's Wells. Her last appearance on any stage was made at this theatre, May 30, 1868.

She was not only a clever actress but had considerable literary ability. She wrote two

volumes of poetry, "Memories" and "Infelicia," the latter being edited by Charles Dickens, to whom it is dedicated and who wrote a foreword for it. It had one London and four American editions, the first in 1868 and the last in 1880. She was a frequent contributor to the New York *Sunday Mercury*, the New Orleans dailies, and many foreign papers. While living in Cincinnati she wrote for *The Israelite*, then the foremost Jewish paper in the country.

When Baron Rothschild was elected to Parliament, an American religious weekly, *The Churchman*, attacked him viciously, Idah Menken wrote a defence in *The Israelite*, from which Rothschild thanked her, calling her "the inspired Deborah of her adopted race."

She was a born linguist speaking French, German and Spanish fluently. She was "hail fellow well met" wherever she went, spending her enormous earnings lavishly and dying practically penniless. Scandal connected her name with Charles Dickens, Charles Algernon Swinburne and Dumas the elder, but her intimates seem to think that these celebrities were simply attracted by the actress' charming personality.



DURING her residence abroad she was on intimate terms with the most prominent people of the day, George Sand, Jenny Lind, Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, Swinburne, Dumas, Watts Phillips, Charles Fechter, the Duke of Wellington and the Duke of Edinburgh. Royalty attended her performances and showered presents on her. Napoleon III, the Prince Imperial, Prince Jerome, Prince Lucian, King of Greece and the Duke of Edinburgh were frequent visitors to the theatre when she was playing.

In 1868 she arranged for a magnificent revival of "Les Pirates de la Savane" at the Théâtre du Chatelet, Paris, but was taken ill and died August 10, 1868, attended to the last by a Jewish Rabbi. She was buried in the Jewish section of Père la Chaise. In 1869 an old American friend of the actress, Ed. James, a sporting writer on the New York *Clipper*, raised a considerable sum of money to erect a monument to her and had the body removed to the Cimetière Mont Parnasse where it now lies. On the face of the monument is inscribed:

ADAH ISAACS MENKEN

Born in Louisiana, United States of America

Died in Paris, August 10, 1868

on the reverse:

"Thou Knowest"

"Froggy" finished the story by reading a verse of the actress' poem, "Infelix."

"Where is the promise of my years:

Once written on my brow?

Ere errors, agonies and fears

Brought with them all that speaks in tears

Ere I had sunk beneath my peers;

Where sleeps that promise now?



Photo White

GEORGE ARLISS AND MARGERY MAUDE IN "PAGANINI"
RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

HOW ACTORS KEEP YOUNG

By EILEEN O'CONNOR



HERE comes The Boy!"

Two of a group of three—Timothy Frawley, whom every one knows for his Broadway productions and for its famous San Francisco stock company; Harriet Ford, the great and pacific collaborator in the writing of Broadway successes, and I—made the exclamation as he turned the corner of what an irreverent being named Class Alley.

Class Alley is that carriage thoroughfare between Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Streets that brings occupants of vehicles to the portals of the Booth and Shubert Theatres.

He who smiled broadly at the familiar greeting of the majority of us, was Henry E. Dixey. His face is smooth as when at five years old, he assumed his first pair of boots. His legs are as straight and agile, his step as springy, as when thirty-two years ago—it was in 1884—as Adonis, he was for the two years' run of that piece at the Bijou Theatre in New York, the undisputed matinee idol of his day.



HOW do you keep so youthful?" I inquired. I thought it a merely wistful query. He must have thought it otherwise, for he flung at me a fitting quotation. "A tranquil heart is the life of the flesh, but envy is rottenness to the bones."

"It is a trial to the spirit of women that men who are older look younger," I maintained.

"Yes. I know," he answered soothingly.

"That applies to actresses as well as other women," I pursued.

"That is true, too," he granted, stretching his much admired legs in graceful ease in their grey trousers in his dressing room, though the little clock on the dressing room shelf was speeding fast past the hour of eight, and he must soon go upon the stage as "Mr. Lazarus."

"Is it because women, more delicately organized, suffer more from the stings and arrows of theatrical misfortunes?" I inquired.

"M-m!" The Boy shook his head in unqualified negation. "It's because women wear their clothes tighter. If women wore loose Greek robes they would have slighter figures and look like twin sisters of men of the same age as themselves, instead of like their mothers. The reason is that they could breathe. Women don't breathe in their tight clothes. They gasp."

"But men aren't gods of wisdom in that matter."



THE pink-faced man was removing his collar with long strong supple fingers. Was it possible that thirty-four years had passed since women flung themselves at his feet when he played Adonis? He was a tall white statue come to life in the play. Now he was a gentleman modestly garbed in the individuality burying business suit of gray just in from his country place at Plandome, Long Island, and brimming with anecdotes about his five-year-old baby, Ursula. Still a rarely attractive man of ruddy face and merry eyes that spoke a half dozen languages in a minute.

"A man puts off taking oxygen until he is dying," he said. "He ought to be bathing himself in it, swimming in it, all through his life. Then life would be long and healthy."

"He ought to live as much as he can in the open. He owes himself a home in the country. A country home is the greatest of preservatives. If he wants to sleep out of doors let him do so. I have done so. I do so on occasion. But our bedchamber with its five windows gives the equivalent of sleeping out of doors."

"I've worked out a system of breathing of my own, that fits my needs and is a good thing for anybody I know," Mr. Dixey pursued, adding with a rabbit's foot very little to the ruddiness normal living had painted in his cheeks. His natural ruddiness might have stood the test of the graying effect of the stage lights. But an artist risks no tests. Artistry, like mathematics, is exact.

"I don't bother much about inhaling. I have found that that practically takes care of itself. Exhaling, I think, is the principal business of breathing. I don't think of the nostrils but concern myself with the diaphragm."

There was a mighty disturbance about his waist line as he illustrated his argument. The muscles about his circumference rose and fell. The air was expelled from between his parted lips with the same kind of noise as that emitted by an impatient locomotive. "I keep my mind on my diaphragm. I pump the bellows and keep my lungs empty of stale air. Countless times a day I empty them by this snorting, as you call it. Free your diaphragm, is my health motto."

"Sleep?" I suggested.

"Always seven or eight hours a night. Night, I said, not day. Night is the time to sleep. I always lie on my face and stomach. It's the natural way to sleep. Watch animals. It is their favorite posture in sleep. Mrs. Dixey has learned the habit from me. She says she can't sleep any other way."



ONE of the four principal corners of the health structure—and health means prolonged youth—is right bathing. People don't know how to bathe. They get into a tub and paddle feebly around and use quantities of soap and get out and wonder why they feel tired. They have spent from twenty minutes to a half hour in a bath. One minute is long enough for a bath. I'm as clean a man as Greater New York can produce, but I take just sixty seconds for my daily bath.

"But I'm working hard every second of it. The bath, short as it is, is like Gaul divided into three parts. First I turn on water at forty-five degrees Fahr. A shower, mind you. A bath tub is an achronism, or a resort of invalids. The impact of the water upon the skin drives back the impurities and closes the pores, imprisoning the self-manufactured poisons. The shower drives the force of the water on the shoulders and it pours down the body, and whatever its temperature is when it starts, by the time it has traversed the length of the body and reached the feet it is warm—just as food introduced into the stomach is warmed when it reaches the large intestine. With soaped hands I then rub down vigorously from shoulders to ankles, always toward the feet. Never away from them. This has used up equally forty seconds. In the remaining twenty I regulate the shower so that it is cold. That with the towel rub finishes the bath. The brisk rub with a towel is included in the last fraction of the minute. That's the way to bathe. I owe

a great deal of my fitness to it.

"I eat anything I want but never a great deal of it. The only article taboo at my table is white bread. I eat brown bread or nut bread. There's a nut bread that costs twenty-five cents a loaf. It's fine. I drink coffee, a large cup in the morning, a small cup at night."



WHAT of exercise?"

"I've a favorite one that with walking keeps me in condition. Every morning I jump out of bed and begin my exercise. Baby Ursula calls it 'Dada' being a jumping Jack. Ursula's Daddy calls it a human spring board. I spring on one foot flinging up the opposite arm, and count two. These movements alternate. One can begin at five leaps of each foot and work up to fifty when you become accustomed to it. It not only stretches the muscles and gives them elasticity, but it develops grace.

"I never forget that you and I and other human beings are seventy-five per cent.—that's three-fourths—water, and that we must keep up the supply. I never fail to drink two quarts of water a day. Sometimes hot, sometimes cool, never cold. I never drink within an hour and a half before or after a meal. The most important principle is the one I quoted at the beginning. It's from a book that is full of health rules, the Bible: 'A tranquil heart is life to the flesh, but envy is the rottenness of the bones.' I've never been envious in my life.

"There's another one. 'Spend much of your time with little children.' Most of my friends are little children. Grown-up people think I'm crazy because I don't agree with them. The trouble about association with adults is that it is a continual conflict of wills. You might like me as a friend and admire me as an artist, but if I wanted you to play a part one way you might think: 'I believe he is wrong. I'll play it my own way.' With children it's different. Their spirits unite with their elders. They are willing, receptive, responsive. My precept and practice are—Feel kindly toward grown ups, but stay away from them. Let your associates be children."



WHY do actors stay younger than any other class of persons?"

"They do. It's a fact. It is because the actor plays many parts, and playing many parts exercises different sets of facial muscles. None of them atrophy from disuse. The business man uses one set of facial muscles and grows old fast. Go into the down-town district and you will see faces frozen into fighting expressions, the lower part of the face tense, the muscles lengthened. Come up into the Rialto and you see actors smiling, their muscles drawn upward, their faces rounded. They say actors are pompous, that they assume false dignity. Not a bit of it. It is the business man that makes those assumptions. Much dignity always ages.

"Actors are like mules. Did you ever see a dead mule? You hear about them, but you never see them. Did you ever see a dead actor? I never did. Just heard about 'em.'"

Mr. Dixey's sage reflections on how actors keep young were halted abruptly. The curtain was going up on "Mr. Lazarus."



Henry E. Dixey Tom Powers Eva Le Gallienne
Act I. Mr. Lazarus (Henry E. Dixey): "Playing post-office?"



Eva Le Gallienne Henry E. Dixey Florine Arnold
Act I. Mrs. Sylvester: "My daughter, Patricia Molloy!"



Act I. Mr. Lazarus, like John Molloy, deceased, sleeps in his blankets on the floor before an open window



Act III. Mrs. Sylvester: "John! Why, you're my husband, John Molloy!"



Photos Kaufmann & Fabry

Act IV. Mr. Lazarus: "Don't let her go till she promises to marry you!"



Act IV. Mrs. Sylvester: "Yes, John, she looks like you, as you used to look"

Mr. Lazarus is a rich miner, who returns unknown to his deserted wife and daughter, and straightens out their various troubles. He rids the wife of a blood-sucking husband, (she had married again having thought No. 1 to have been killed in a railroad accident) and sufficiently endows his child with the means necessary to marry a deserving hard-working young artist. Having salved his conscience, as far as money will do it, the unknown, fearing that the galling chains of matrimony will never suit his spirit of wanderlust, quietly skips out leaving them all in doubt as to whether he was the real husband-father.

SCENES IN "MR. LAZARUS" AT THE SHUBERT THEATRE

WHEN THE MANAGERS WENT ON STRIKE

By ALFRED GRUNBERG



IT was the greatest sensation New York had ever known. Business was practically suspended. All Broadway was agape. Along the Rialto, from 34th to 50th Streets, little short of a panic reigned.

"The theatre managers on strike!" cried the habitués of the Bald Head row. What on earth shall we do with our evenings?"

Ticket speculators were badly frightened. "We'll sure starve!" they howled. "We don't know any other way to make a living. If we did we wouldn't be speculators."

But it was the playwrights and actors who were hit the hardest.

"What's to become of my melodramas?" moaned Owen Davis at the emergency meeting of playwrights and actors which had been hastily called. "I can't suddenly stop writing 'em after producing three and four a season."

"That's right," muttered Roi Cooper Megrue. "'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any good. I won't have to see any more of your wretched plays."

"You needn't talk," retorted Davis wrathfully. "Aren't you the man who lifted the third act of 'Gay Lord Quex' and used it in 'Under Cover'? However, I've got to hand it to you for one smart thing. You certainly fooled poor old Dave into producing 'Seven Chances.' He was taking more than seven when he put that piece on."

Dramatists and players all chuckled, but a sob from Emma Dunn recalled their attention to the crisis at hand.

"It all had to happen just when I've got a play where I don't play the part of a mother," she cried. "At last I got away from the mother parts, and now a strike comes."



A. E. THOMAS, author of "The Rainbow," took the chair.

"Gentlemen and ladies," he began, with a tear in his voice. "We must think of some way to break this strike. As I understand it, the theatrical managers were dazed when they saw how quickly the railroad employees won their concessions. At a meeting of the managers it was decided that if all the theatres were closed and they (the managers) went on strike, both the public and the actors would have to meet their demands. President Wilson is a great theatre fan as you know. The managers figure that the President will insist on having the theatres open and so will side with them. They want to reduce actors' salaries and increase the price of theatre tickets. The strike has been on for two days and I see no hope of their backing down."

"Break the strike!" went up a determined shout.

"All right, but who has the money to produce plays and where are you going to get the theatres? Every manager in the city has walked out."

Silent consternation prevailed.

"I have an idea," continued Mr. Thomas.

"The first one since 'The Rainbow,'" cried a voice.

Without noticing the rudeness, the speaker continued:

"I suggest we send a representative to the managers to find out exactly what they want."

This was agreed to and a Playwright was selected by acclamation.

"I'll take my script with me," murmured the Playwright softly to himself. "One never can tell. It'll be the first time I've ever succeeded in getting inside a manager's office."



AN hour later the Playwright, manuscript in hand, was ushered into the presence of Lee Shubert.

"I absolutely refuse to read it," exclaimed Lee, testily, before the visitor could open his mouth. "This is the first time in my life I'm free from trouble. If the street cars, garment trades and railroads can go on strike, I'd like to know why theatrical managers can't."

"But, Mr. Shubert," exclaimed the Playwright, thinking of his play and forgetting his mission. "There's enough spice in my play to make the police close the theatre. Think of the advertising."

Lee's mouth watered as he looked furtively at the manuscript.

"No," he said sternly. "Get thee in front of me, Satan! I must keep my promise to the managers."

"Would it be the first you've broken?" inquired the Playwright meekly.

Ignoring the tactless remark, Lee went on:

"All the New York managers have decided to strike. We refuse any longer to produce shows unless we see more profit."

"Is every manager with you?"

"Everyone but Winthrop Ames. If he tries to put on anything, we should worry! The public wouldn't go to his show if you gave the tickets away."

"Why didn't he join you?"

"He said he never makes money anyway, so why should he strike?"

"Winthrop is a highbrow," murmured the Playwright.

"Sure he is," retorted Lee. "That's why he loses money. He produces a good play and loses his head. I put on a poor one and make a fortune. He pays \$10,000 for a prize play and it fails. I don't pay the author ten cents and it's a success."

"But he produces plays for the love of art. He doesn't want to make money."

"Then he's a great success," chuckled Lee. "He succeeds every season."

Seeing that every effort to interest Mr. Shubert in his piece was futile, the Playwright went to A. H. Woods.



FINE, I'm feeling fine," smiled Mr. Woods.

"For the first time in twenty years I don't feel as though a cop were at my neck, or a pistol being shoved down my back or a farce bedroom scene floating in front of my eyes. You see I read so many crook plays and semi-humorous farces that my life's a perfect Bedlam. The other night someone said: 'Where are those matches?' and I answered, 'Please don't lock me up. I didn't steal the precious things.' I'm honestly beginning to talk like the plays I put on. Yes—this strike is a fine thing."

"But what will the public do for plays?"

The manager leaned forward eagerly.

"That's just it. What will they do? Nothing. They can't use strike-breakers because we've picketed all the theatres. If anyone who looks

like real money comes along we hit him over the head and take his roll away from him. The theatrical angels have quite flying around Broadway. We clip their wings if they do."

"And how about actors?" queried the questioner.

"The strike was called to teach actors a lesson. Those ham fatters think we have to pay them whatever they ask. We'll show 'em. They must meet our terms. We insist that actors shall—but wait a minute. I'll show you a list of our demands."

Mr. Woods then produced a sheet on which appeared the following:

1. The public shall pay \$5 for orchestra seats, and no seat in the house shall be less than \$2.

2. The public shall be satisfied if the curtain rises at 9.30 P. M. and the play ends at 10.30. One hour's entertainment is enough for anyone.

3. The public shall buy all tickets from the speculators who, of course, will buy them from the managers. This will do away with box office men, and deprive the public of the pleasure of being insulted.

4. All programs shall be purchased. If the Hippodrome can get away with it, why can't the theatres? The restaurants charge for bread and butter. Why shouldn't we charge for programs?

5. Actors shall rehearse for three or four months without pay. If the play is a failure they shall contribute to the manager to help him bear the loss involved.

6. All young actors shall pay the manager for the privilege of playing parts. Look at the experience they get.

7. Every time a chorus girl marries a millionaire she shall pay the manager \$100,000 a year during life because if the manager hadn't hired her, where would the millionaire have seen her?



THE Playwright looked up at Mr. Woods with a sickly smile.

"I don't see anything about playwrights," he said gently.

The manager seized the sheet and examined it. "That's right," he muttered. "We'll have to add something." Taking up his fountain pen, he wrote:

8. Playwrights shall not complain if their royalties do not match the size of the audiences which fill the theatre to see the play. Look at the advertising the playwright gets. Playwrights are forbidden to hire anyone to check up the receipts.

"That fixes you," laughed the manager as the indignant Playwright choked and sputtered with anger.

"You—you producer of melodramas—you—you bedroom scene producer—you former 10-20-30-man—!"

Playwright though he was, words failed him, and he went to see Billy Brady.

"Well," said Billy thoughtfully when asked about the strike. "It's this way with me. If I don't produce plays, I can always put on movies. I'm an elastic movie man. On the one hand, I complain that the movies are hurting the drama and on the other hand I produce them myself. I don't let one hand know what the other one is doing, so it's all right."

"Are you worrying about strike-breakers?"

Brady laughed scornfully.

"Why, my boy, (Concluded on page 321)"



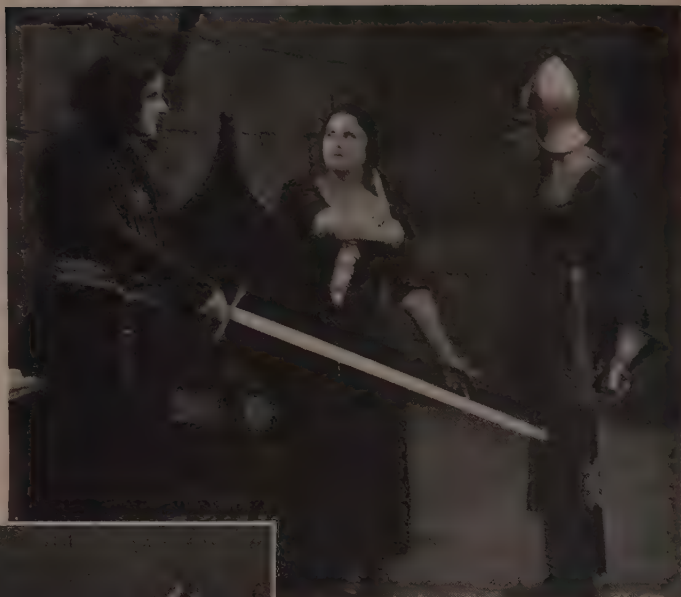
From a portrait by Sarony

A M É E D A L M O R E S

This attractive player, who was seen last season in "The Unchastened Woman," will appear shortly under the management of the Messrs. Shubert in a new Spanish play



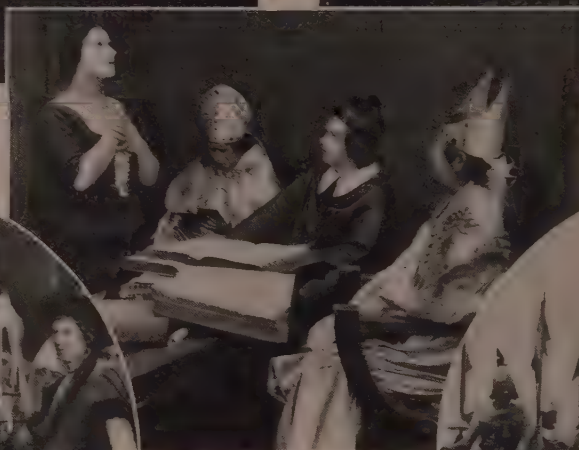
Joan, the peasant, hears the voice telling her to hasten to the Governor



Joan breaks the Governor's sword with one quick stroke of her dagger



Joan recognizes the disguised King to the dismay of the court, who claim she has magic power



Joan recites the Catechism to the Bishops to prove that she is a true daughter of the Mother Church



Joan and General La Hire at the head of their Knights ready to do battle for France



After hours of argument in the torture room the Bishop succeeds in forcing Joan to sign the paper



Joan of Arc after her heroic struggle to save her country is crucified for France

GERALDINE FARRAR IN THE NEW JESSE L. LASKY FILM "JOAN OF ARC"

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

By M^{LLE}. MANHATTAN



COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES



MARGARET ANGLIN in "Caroline" has struck the correct note of richness in feminine attire for the Winter and of her gowns two, especially will be widely copied by fashionable women. The rôle played by Miss Anglin—that of a matron approaching middle age but quite unconscious that she has passed her first youth, logically calls for a juvenile note, and this freshness Miss Anglin suggests with

consummate skill and good taste, while still escaping the ridiculous appearance that is so fatal when an actress wears dresses that are younger than her rôle. Our artist has charmingly caught the spirit of Miss Anglin's gowns as well as the detail of their construction.

"See Miss Anglin's gray velvet and copy it for me," is the mandate that has sent such fashionable dressmakers as Tappé and Mme. Julie to the Empire Theatre, in the interests of fashionable clients, more than once since Caroline made her very well-dressed bow at that house. And the same flattery of imitation has been lavished on the evening dress of pink which is greeted with gasps of delight at each performance of the Maugham play.

Admiring Miss Anglin and her dresses a few evenings ago, I saw Miss Alexander who will shortly become Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, and noted with gratified pride that this heiress to many of the Crocker millions paid the stage the tribute of copying an evening wrap worn at an earlier première by Marie Tempest. Miss Tempest's cloak is one of the new circular capes with sleeves and is developed in deep burgundy velvet, richly brocaded. A square collar of matched sable skins stands out with the smart fence effect so much in favor, and turns down in sailor shape over the shoulder.

Just behind Miss Alexander sat Miss Elsie Ferguson, who also favors the same rich shade of red brocade, for a theatre wrap. But Miss Ferguson omitted the fur garniture and contented herself with a sort of burnous effect that was quite original and charming.

Miss Anglin's pink evening gown is so much admired by Madeline Dick that the former Mrs. Astor has copied it outright and wore it at one of the smart club dances on Westbury way a few nights ago. Baron de Meyer who never fails to note every detail of a girl's frock was quite ready to bite his patrician tongue out when that unruly member slipped and betrayed him into calling Mrs. Dick "Caroline" after Miss Anglin's part at the Empire.



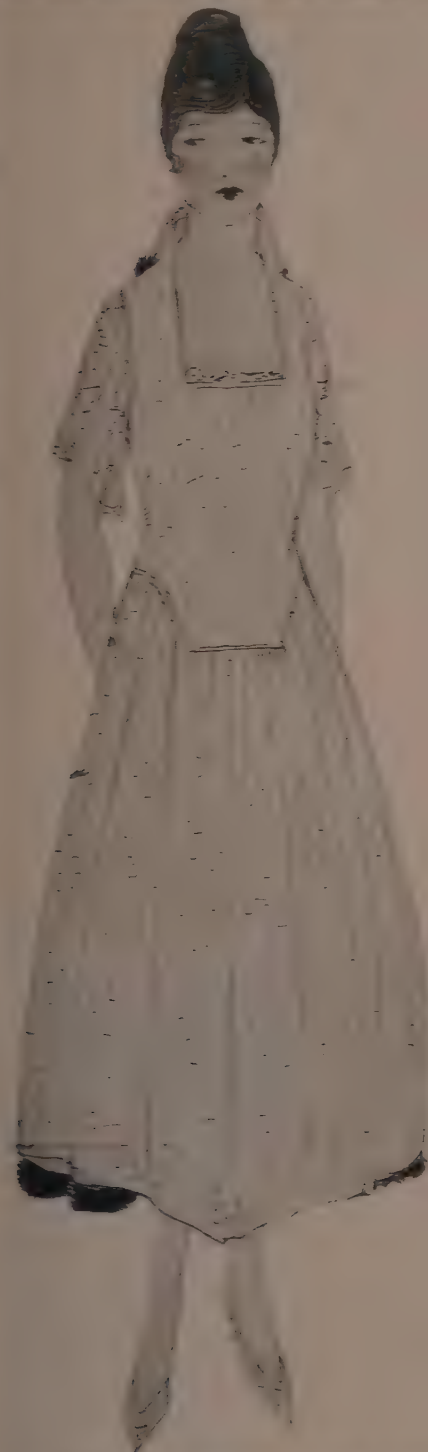
AT the Criterion Theatre Paganini compels the ladies in Mr. Arliss' company to wear dresses of the early nineteenth century period, but Miss Margery Maude has revenged herself upon the drama by showing some very chic toilettes at the smart restaurants haunted at lunch time by English actresses and admiring society girls. Almost swathed in a wide scarf of soft and snowy ermine Miss Maude said Bon-jour Mam'sell to me twice the other morning before I recognized her. Where on earth Miss Maude found the furrier who was able to discover skins so soft and pliable as those which formed this adorable stole, I do not know, but the fur was like supplest satin in the way it wound itself around her girlish neck.

These wide ermine scarfs sometimes all snow white, sometimes bordered with double rows of saucy black heads and tails, are coveted by the débutante and the bride of this Autumn, and their charm and richness well excuse their popularity.

Miss Geraldine Farrar is collecting some wonderful frocks for her forthcoming concert tour, and her evening gowns for personal wear show

that matrimony has in no wise abolished the coquettish note that has always characterized that prima donna's very modish gowns.

At a farewell dance given for Miss Farrar and her associates on the concert tour, Miss Farrar wore a creation specially designed for her by Mme. Paquin, and called the modèle Farrar. As seen by the accompanying sketch, "the modèle



of her costume seen from behind when at home from time to time in Miss Anglin's "Caroline" scene was that of a single woman on the edge of her middle and married life, her husband, the late



Paul Poiret from the French trenches, created this gown worn in "Caroline." It is of yellow cloth with "bomb explosions" in black.



A tailor gown of brown velvet striped with blue is much admired when Miss Olive Tell wears it in "The Intruder."

radiant new shade of velvet to which Lina Cavaleri gives the pretty name "cour de la rose" was mounted over a full petticoat of bright silver lace. Similar lace formed a loose basque which was cut rather deeper than usual, and was also employed for the little sleeves, which were quite novel in that both were alike. The low round neck was finished in front with a sort of plaque of the velvet, and in the back the lace fell loose in a square coatee effect that terminated sharply at the waist line showing a girdle of deep burgundy velvet with a bunch of roses thrust through the knot just at the side. Not a single jewel except two long rubies set as ear drops and the wedding ring bestowed by M. Lou-Tellegen was worn by the lovely singer with this exceedingly youthful and becoming frock.

That Lucile, great artist as she is, cannot make gowns for women of more than petite proportions is again demonstrated at the Candler Theatre where Miss Olive Tell, one of the most beautiful of the younger set of actresses, is appearing in the central rôle of "The Intruder." Miss Tell's

Farrar" embodies the last note in narrow trains with short skirt and at half-elbow sleeves. A first frock sets one's teeth quite on edge with its meaningless lines and conflicting color notes. It quite jangles, like sweet bells out of tune, and suggests that its draperies and encircling belts and bands were constructed and posed by a paper hanger rather than by the artist we know Lady Duff Gordon to be. Evidently the lovely Olive was not found sympatico by the titled dressmaker. A soft negligée was more successful. Two very lovely shades of rose velvet were employed in this negligée, which was worn over a modest "nighty," quite unlike one's idea of what a naughty French woman would select in the circumstances.

The best of the toilettes shown by Miss Tell, however, was the tailleur of brown velvet faintly striped with blue and green. It was cut with a longish coat of Louis XV type, over a skirt which strikes one as rather too short for grace in such a material, and was worn with a very good set of skunk fur, the soft wide collar and round muff being of the latest chic. A variant of the popular "tammy" turban sharply upturned on one side and trimmed with an ornament posed exceedingly well, completed this creation.



FOR the first time within the memory of man, there is something new under the sun. And the novelty is that fashionable women have at last revolted against the deadly uniformity in gowns that has long marked them. For years the fact that Mrs. Gould or Mrs. Astor wore a frock of a certain model was sufficient to send half New York scurrying to the dressmaker to copy that costume, and a ludicrous uniformity of cut characterized the gowns of half the smart women one saw at the opera or the smart social functions of the social season. The late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, whose impeccable taste forbade her to imitate any dress, wrap or jewel worn by another woman, used laughingly to tabulate the wearers of similar frocks, and when a gown developed in blue velvet and worn by Mrs. Gould was exactly like one done in white satin for Mrs. Astor and pink moiré for Mrs. Belmont, she used to speak of these ladies as Mrs. Blue, Mrs. White, Mrs. Pink. This Winter the edict has gone forth that no gown is correct if it is like any other gown, and the smartest importers and dressmakers who formerly were most generous in the display of the choicest things in their collections, now guard their new models—save and except those which they know will shortly be on sale at every shop in town—as a Frenchman guards his flag.

"What are you looking for?" I asked of Mrs. Vincent Astor a few days ago when I saw her at the "opening" of fashionable modiste. The new chate-laine of the great Astor mansion drew very close

and whispered confidentially in my ear: "I am trying to find out what not to select for my Winter wear."

I must have looked puzzled for Mrs. Astor laughed as she explained, after I know exactly what styles are likely to be widely copied, I shall choose something different from the frocks and furs that Mrs. X, Mrs. Y and Mrs. Z are likely to wear. And so we shall see Mrs. A wearing gowns of supreme chic and elegance as always, and of an originality that I am afraid will be short lived, for even the most devoted disciple of the unique is afflicted with the unconquerable habit of imitation, where the lovely frocks of her more creative sister is concerned.

October has been marked by a number of exceedingly smart out-of-town festivities at which the fashions of the coming Winter have been foreshadowed even more clearly than at the formal openings and fashion shows which are always a feature of early Autumnal days. And when all is said and done, it is such women as Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Mrs. Dick (formerly Mrs. John Jacob Astor), Lady Beresford, and the smart young matrons who are coming to the fore as leaders in setting fashions for attire in New York—which means, of course, for all America.

All of these and scores of other women of fashion were seen at the Fall Horse Show at Piping Rock or at the "meets" of the United Hunts at Belmont Park in the smartest and newest of out-door attire, and in the "Hunt balls," pink-coated men and rainbow-garbed women wore the newest evening apparel for both sexes. Miss Katherine Drexel Dahlgren, whose engagement to Thomas Emmett has recently been announced, has been very much feted by the Long Island set, and she has worn some distractingly exquisite gowns. One of them—a veritable dream in gold and rose, must, I am sure, reflect the taste of her aunt, Mrs. Harry Lehr, who evi-

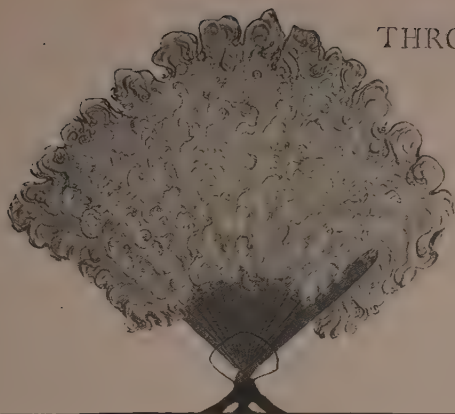
dently finds time while working for the French wounded to do a bit of shopping now and then in the rue de la Paix. The frock I admired as did everybody at the big ball given after the first October event at Piping Rock, was of cloth of gold as supple and soft as tissue, yet with a body like velvet. Simplicity was so strongly in evidence in cut and design that I should have believed Miss Dahlgren's maid had constructed it had not one of the girls in the Lenox set whispered "Georgette" in my ear. It was made with one of the wrinkled basques so much in favor with girls of graceful slimmness, and at the lower edge were placed three flat pipings of satin in black, pale rose and deep pink. The skirt was full and flaring but closely cut at the hips and it also was bordered with pipings similar to those around the basque. At each side the petti-

(Concluded on page 324)



This is the "modele Farrar" costume designed by Paquin especially for Geraldine Farrar

THROUGH THE NEW YORK SHOPS



WITH the woman who knows her New York shops, fine merchandise and Altman's have always been synonymous, and so when a special invitation came in to us from Altman's a fortnight ago, to be present at an advance showing of Fall models, just arrived from Paris, I accepted it with alacrity, as who wouldn't.

* * *

Their buyers, it is well known, have a special sense for picking some of the choicest bits from Paris—and in spite of the war, Paris is still supreme in matters of dress.

AN AUTUMN OPENING AT ALTMAN'S

This year's exhibition showed an exquisite collection of gowns with more than the usual appeal. Lines in the main were simple and straight again. The art of Paris had evidently concentrated itself on the combining of colors and materials. For day wear, moyen âge or chemise gowns were in evident supremacy. Here and there was a "mannered" or a "period" frock, puffs and pan-

niers for the sake of variety. Evening frocks were short skirted with long trains depending from the shoulders, as you may see in the Worth model of ruby velvet sketched for you whose vivid coloring made one of the most beautiful gowns in the large exhibit. A whole room was devoted exclusively to Paquin models, the rest being culled from various other French houses. Not

being able to take away the whole collection, in black and white, as we should have liked, we compared and debated for a time as to a companion piece for the ruby velvet and finally decided on the Callot model of white and gold striped brocade with its rose trimming. I think it was the delightfully crisp and *chic* rose grosgrain bow in the front of the bodice that finally weighed down the scale in its favor.

* * *

There were some magnificent evening cloaks present of Russian Ballet gorgeousness in coloring; some



To show that you know what is what in new waists, your bodice must have such a peplum attached to it as is shown on this grey square meshed net over flesh chiffon. The grey shade is lightened in true French fashion with lines of silver lamé trimming, and a dullish rose velvet ribbon sash.

A Callot model of white and gold tissue in stripes, puffed over a petticoat edged with pink satin ribbon, and gold lace. There is a rose grosgrain belt, and sashes in the back, and the piquant at bow on the front of the bodice is of the same.

Lines are simple and straight again. Witness one of the moyen âge models shown at the Altman opening, in dark blue serge with the brightest of scarlet cloth collars and cuffs and scarlet braiding.





A hand-made blouse of pink satin embroidered in Chinese blue and trimmed with blue pipings laid in rows of three. Besides the new peplum it has the further novel touches of sash and little imitation pockets.

exquisite separate blouses all bearing the new peplum that asserts with no shadow of doubt or fear of contradiction, that the blouse belongs in the category of the latest Fall model 1916. A particular honey pot about which visitors clustered was a Lanvin frock, moyen âge style, in velvet, of a soft rich turquoise blue, stitched in a delicate pattern of gold threads. Another was an evening frock of gray lace with the simplest of surplice bodices vivified by a striking bunch of dahlias in graded shades of crimson, altogether a very brilliant opening of the season, we agreed, as we came out.

Altman's has always held a peculiar fascination for me—its broad aisles invite little journeys of discovery; its air of quiet dignity discourages haste—and invites one to linger, which is just what I did.

Whether I want to buy or not, I cannot resist the temptation to take a peep at the exquisite neckwear to be found in the showcases. This department has a reputation stretching over years and you will find here the most tailored piqué riding stock, or the frilliest of hand embroidered fichus; their beauty and variety unequalled by any other place I know.

And the same is true of the veiling department across the aisle. It is rare to find a moment during the shopping day when every seat before its long counter is not occupied, and you must watch your chance and be alert to slip into a place.

In the centre of the store, I always linger over the heaped-up quantities of splendid velvets, silks and chiffons; all the luxury and fastidiousness of this wonderful shop seem centered in these yards and yards of gorgeousness.

And speaking of shoes—Do you know the Altman last? There is nothing quite like it for evening slippers, one actress tells me, especially in fitting a slender high-arched foot.

Running the whole gamut of Altman treasures—one may buy rugs from the Orient—embroidered linens from the convents of France, or just a perky hair ribbon—for the smallest young woman in the household, and be perfectly sure of lasting satisfaction in the purchase.

For yourself you may fit out a wardrobe of all the fundamentals in a jiffy, and complete it with every accessory of special jewelry and fans to match your costumes, with furs of unusual make-up, with seductive perfumes. You can buy the leather equipments, bags, fitted dressing-cases, or jewel-boxes, essential to the business of traveling. You can, further, stock your desks and writing tables with the choicest stationery, having first seen to its being engraved by experts in that line. You can give your house a wardrobe, too—furniture, hangings, lamps, bric-à-brac, silverware.

One of the places in the store that is most enticing to me is the floor devoted to those very things. I never like to let more than a week go by without going in to see what novel effects in furnishings are being displayed. There is an artistic treat in the wealth and variety of color that greet the eye. A large Chesterfield, for instance, covered with rich blue and white striped velours may stand cheek by jowl with a rose and white *chaise longue*. Near by will be an armchair, plump and inviting, upholstered in a vivid green and yellow Chinese-patterned linen. Beyond that a quaint settee, a copy of an old model from Kent, in brilliant scarlet brocade. There is furniture in mahogany and old oak, some real antiques and some modern copies. And I defy you to tell the difference between the two unless you're very expert.

Just recently I saw some enchanting so-called "utility" boxes of red lacquer, heavily ornamented in brass,

which came all the way from Kórea. Several Korean dower-chests of the same style of workmanship were included in the group.

Those rugs from the Orient, mentioned above, are one of the store's very special features. The Rug Department is "of a magnitude." Expert buyers are constantly in search throughout the East, "whether in Naishapur or Babylon" for the best there is to be had. If you wish some rare bargains in rugs, those who know will tell you, watch carefully for the Altman annual rug sales.

And don't, by any means, overlook the "Men's Furnishings," tucked away though it is in the corner between 34th and Fifth Avenue. There's a purpose in that. It's for the timorous male; so he can slip in unobserved at either entrance. And unobserved he can fit himself out for conquest with the last word in shirts and collars, in ties and gloves and canes, in everything, in short, that constitutes smart haberdashery.



The imported models shown at the Altman openings, every Fall and Spring are on a par with the aristocratic standard of the rest of the store. This Worth model of a wonderful shade of ruby velvet embroidered in iridescent ruby beads was sketched at a special Fall Showing.

the soup of the epicure



*"Cooks and the weather
will always vary"*

So said a disappointed hostess who had trusted, not wisely but too well, in her own kitchen. No home cook can be a specialist in soups. She has to divide her time among too many things for that. So in many homes where the cuisine is otherwise above reproach the soup course is more than apt to be an embarrassing question-mark.

But the splendid quality of Franco-American Soups can never vary. It reveals the specialist. It never deviates into inferiority. "Fully worth the money" is really an understatement of the value, the comfort, and the convenience of these soups to women who demand that their food shall *always* be good.

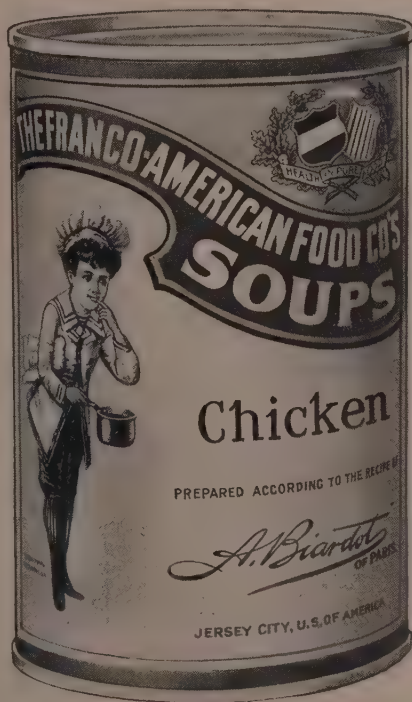
A visitor watched us making Chicken Soup. She saw poultry pampered to a proud plumpness. She saw the dark meat yield its rich and appetizing juices, clarified to sparkling purity. She saw us add the tenderest squares of tempting light meat and the fanciest of rice. She noted the delicate seasoning. And then she tasted!

"Such soup simply cannot be made at home," she said. And you will agree.

Twenty cents the can—Double size, thirty-five cents

Merely heat before serving

At the better stores



Franco - American Soups

Selections :

Tomato	Chicken Consommé
Mock Turtle	Chicken Gumbo
Ox Tail, thick	Clam Chowder
Clear Ox Tail	Chicken
Consommé	Beef
Bouillon	Pea
Julienne	Mulligatawny
Clear Vegetable	Mutton Broth
Vegetable, thick	Green Turtle thick (45c)
	Clear Green Turtle (60c)

*Franco-American Broths for Invalids and Children
Beef—Chicken—Mutton—15c the can*

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.

YOUR NEW OPPORTUNITY TO KNOW THE WORLD'S GREAT MUSIC



*An interview with Rudolph Ganz, the
eminent Swiss pianist, regarding*

The Duo-Art Pianola

Rudolph Ganz

WHEN Mr. Ganz grips your hand in an introductory clasp, your instant impression is of a man's man—a keen, virile personality free from the taint of morbidity so often associated with high artistic ability.

He is a composer of fine achievement. His songs and compositions for piano and orchestra are widely performed.

Possessed of remarkable power as an interpretative artist, his popularity as a concert pianist is growing with a rapidity that he well deserves.

Mr. Ganz is the well balanced, well informed type of musician whose sincere and authoritative statements cannot be taken lightly by the public.



THE degree of pleasure you derive from music depends largely upon your musical associations. Let any person of good taste and intelligence listen regularly to fine music beautifully interpreted and presently he is an enthusiastic music lover."

Mr. Ganz's grave, good humored manner of speaking and the hint of a twinkle that is always lurking about the corner of his eyes betray him for what he is—a big jovial optimist, a fine, wholesome-minded artist who believes simply and earnestly in his art.

"You think then," I said, "that people who consider themselves unmusical are merely those who haven't heard plenty of great music played so they can derive pleasure from it?"

"Yes," he replied, "and so it is that artists, if they live up to their ideals, are accomplishing more than entertainment in their concert work—they are imparting to their audiences music knowledge and comprehension—their interpretations of the musical scriptures are aiding the hearers to a new and broadened capacity for musical pleasure and understanding.

"And now the time has come," continued Mr. Ganz, "when every pianist must awaken to a new responsibility—a new and greater opportunity. By the developments of the past few years

the pianist's field has been extended immeasurably."

"You are speaking, perhaps, with your recent experience with the Duo-Art Pianola in mind?" I suggested.

"The Duo-Art Pianola, yes. The reproducing piano brings the artist into intimate contact with the people in their homes—he is to become a part of their daily lives instead of remaining the casual stranger of the concert hall. His message of music is made generally available by the Duo-Art."

"You seem to have a very definite confidence in the ability of the Duo-Art to accurately reproduce your playing."

"Well, I must confess that at first I doubted. But now that I have heard my finished records, I have nothing more to ask—these records are my own performances. Anyone who has heard me play would instantly recognize these reproductions."

"Do you intend that statement to apply to the Duo-Art reproductions in all respects? Do you, for example, consider that we have faithfully duplicated your tone production?"

"Surely! I have had no difficulty in getting the tone results I wanted in my records. The climaxes are worked up just as I played them. The distinction between voices, between theme and accompaniment, are practically perfect. The intonation and crispness of phrasing add the last convincing touch of personality and the tone-production pleases me much. If anyone criticizes it, they criticize my playing," said Mr. Ganz, smiling.

"And tempo and phrasing?"



Mr. Ganz (at the right) engaged in editing Duo-Art Records. This work of retouching and revising the recorded interpretations gives them the last degree of perfection that the artist can impart.

"Ah! they are perfect—true to my performance. My typical rhythmical characteristics, my rubati, my most personal ways, are exactly duplicated. I have been much interested also in the pedal results. By careful editing, the tone color and sustained effects secured by the pedal may be even more fully developed than in the spontaneous performance at the keyboard.

"Thorough work in recording and editing may well bring the interpretation as reproduced by the Duo-Art Pianola to a point where it challenges the artist's performance in the concert hall. When playing in concert so many circumstances and conditions may influence results. In recording we make our own conditions—even choose our moods. So the Duo-Art should present the pianist at his best.

"Instead of feeding upon concert memories, those who love music may actually hear their favorite interpretations whenever they wish. This new and closer contact between artist and audience is to me the most fascinating possibility of the Duo-Art.

"A while ago the Swiss Ambassador in Washington, who is a friend of mine, purchased one of these instru-

ments—and at his request I tried a number of them and choose the one which was to be sent him. In writing him I said—'It is with pleasure that I look forward to being in your home indirectly, for with this new instrument I can have the privilege of playing for you whenever you like, even though I am not with you in person.'

"And that is exactly the way I feel about it—you see! What a delight to be able to think that you are part of the artistic life in so many homes.

"That is the wonderful thing The Aeolian Company has accomplished—to take the concert pianist from the concert hall into the home."

I have read the above interview in print and find it a true report of my statements.

Rudolph Ganz

The DUO-ART PIANOLA

Not only is the Duo-Art an instrument for reproducing with fine musical accuracy the performances of great pianists, but it is also a player-piano far in advance of any other instrument of the player type. In ease, simplicity and perfection of expression control it is revolutionary.

The Duo-Art is a Steinway, Weber, Steck or Stroud pianoforte. And its keyboard and action for handplaying do not differ from those of the conventional pianos of these makes.

Aeolian representatives in every principal city are prepared to demonstrate the Duo-Art Pianola. We invite you to write for the address of the store nearest you and a copy of the interesting Booklet of the Duo-Art. Address Department T 11.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY AEOLIAN HALL NEW YORK CITY

Makers of the Aeolian-Vocalion and largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world



Revillon Frères Furs

Imported Models

RUSSIAN SABLES
SILVER FOX
COATS AND WRAPS

5th Avenue
at 53d Street
New York

LA POMPADOUR RETURNS TO TOWN

Pompadours are coming back, the hairdressers agree, especially for evening wear. A French coiffeur with a smart clientèle, is sponsor for two of these; and another well-known establishment for the third, who offers as well, a jeune fille style with parting and attached curls.



and features and your fluffy hair! But how would I look? How would you look yourself when you got old? Short hair is all right for a young face, but anyone over forty years with sagging chin and neck lines ('Don't have them,' throws in Felicia imperturbably, "nobody under seventy has to, nowadays, you know") would look a sight. How would you like to see your mother with bobbed hair?"

* * *

To which Felicia replies doggedly:

* * *

"Very much. You must remember that I laid emphasis on *all* women having short hair. *One* older woman wearing it might stand out to the prejudiced mind, accustomed to associating the bob with youthful contours, as affected and aping youth. But where every woman was going bobbed it would see no more incongruous or noticeable on one woman rather than another than short hair does now on men. You don't think your handsome old grandfather 'looks a sight' with his beautiful wavy white pompadour simply because brother George, down from Yale, also happens to be wearing one in yellow, do you?"

* * * *

A CLEVER friend of mine, an actress, believes that all women should wear short hair, bobbed, "every single one of us, old and young." Long hair, she considers a nuisance, difficult and consuming an inordinate amount of time to keep clean and tidy and altogether a back number. When she is heard now and then giving voice

And this sounds so clinching that the protests fade away for a minute



to this radical theory there is almost always a shocked protest in response.

* * *

"O, that's all very well for you to talk Felicia, with your pretty skin

until someone murmurs something about "woman's crowning glory" which encourages someone else to add: "Yes, what about the variety, the light and shade and massing of color you would lose by shortening a

(Concluded on page 310)



PEGGY O'NEIL who starred in "Peg O My Heart", on its successful Western tour which continued for 23 months. Last year she played in "Mayourneen" and is now taking the star part of Maya in "The Flame."

Miss O'Neil appears here in a sport hat and polo coat by KNOX

The beautiful camels hair cloth of which this polo coat is made is an exclusive Knox fabric and characteristic of Knox quality. It is made also in an attractive sport coat model and in a variety of colors.

KNOX

MILLINERY *and* SPORT CLOTHES
FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTIETH ST.

The Charm of the New

MALLINSON'S Silks de Luxe

NOT as everyone looks but as every woman would like to look—that is the smart exclusiveness of Mallinson's Silks de Luxe.

Look for the identifying marks when purchasing.

Pussy Willow Prints
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Will o' the Wisp
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Indestructible Voile
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Georgianna Crepe
Trade Mark

H. R. MALLINSON & Co.
"The New Silks First"

New York Paris London



LA POMPADOUR RETURNS TO TOWN

(Continued)

woman's hair?"—and they start it all over again. Felicia flounders and weakens her argument by saying: "Oh, if you're going to talk entirely

padour, the high elaborate hair-dressing will be introduced first for evening wear, especially for the theatre and opera, and then gradually work its way again into everyday life, the transition from high to low over night and back again being too difficult for the average woman to manage successfully.

* * *

There is no question that the high pompadour was a beautifying and softening frame to the face, that it gave an unequalled opportunity for showing off a wave, natural or imitation. Many of us were loath to see it go and will welcome it back and embrace it as a long lost sister. There will be the problem of hats, to be sure. Those neat close-fitting turbans will have to be discarded. But let's not anticipate that bridge. The designers of hats seem to be quite equal to dealing with situations as they arise and will give us something equally charming.



about beauty.... I was trying to introduce a little common sense...." To which the protagonist (with hair she can sit on, of course: we are all the victims of our "qualities") responds that "Beauty is common sense," and triumphs with the Victor Hugo quotation to the effect that nothing is more useful than the useful except the beautiful. And Felicia smiles but remains "of her own opinion still."

* * *

Felicia is going to be a bit disgusted with us of the World of Fashion this season for not only are we not spreading the gospel of bobs, nor even using our influence for the simpler styles of hair-dressing that have been popular the last year or two, but we are tending toward the pompadour, toward more elaborate coiffures with curls and puffs and false hair added. At least so say the hair-dressers who dictate the mode, and show us such coiffures as we show you in the drawing on this page. The raised pom-

Besides combs for the hair women are making a fad of unusual "combing" combs for the dressing-table, in tortoise-shell and amber, hand-carved. Cast your eye below and see one such taken from the French coiffeurs mentioned above.



A Rebuilder of Gowns and Maker of Gowns

To order

New York's exclusive and most unique Dressmaking establishment where simply WONDERS are wrought with your passé frocks.

A visit to my establishment will reveal to you what great possibilities lie in those many out-of-Fashion frocks that you have laid aside. Here they will be transformed into the styles of to-day and to-morrow, with all the charm of your own individuality. GOWNS REBUILT successfully for out-of-town customers.

Perfect
Workmanship

Homer

Prices
Reasonable

11½ West 37th St., New York

Telephone 5265 Greeley





The H. W. Gossard Company,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

The Gossard is the first and only corset I have ever worn
and will wear.

Sincerely,
Dorothy Green

Maillard



Chocolates Bon Bons—French Bonbonnières

Bonbonnières of Exclusive Design, Imported from Paris, for Maillard Bonbons and Chocolates.

Your purchases packed for safe dispatch and delivered to any address on request.

FIFTH AVENUE at 35th STREET, NEW YORK

Afternoon tea served in the Luncheon Restaurant, three to six

For Women Who Personally Shop in New York

The charm and advantages of Model Gowns, for style as well as economy, for women with model size figures, are known to but few American women, and they zealously keep their secret. Many of the best-dressed women in New York City outfit themselves each season at our modest shop. We offer them the choicest examples which the importers and leading American dressmakers, used to illustrate on dress forms, the latest Parisienne modes.

We give them two new gowns of authentic or advanced fashion, for the same price they usually pay for one alone elsewhere. All are originals—no two alike—your best friend cannot buy the duplicate.

Street, Afternoon
or Evening Wear

Prices range \$20 up

Two Gowns for the Usual Price of One

NO CATALOGS—NO APPROVAL SHIPMENTS

Call and see these frocks for yourself—even try them on. You are never urged to buy

Maxon-Model Gowns

ESTAB.

1899

1587 BROADWAY at 48th ST. NEW YORK.



An imported combination auto veil and scarf of the softest white Shetland wool, a yard in width and two yards in length. It is but one witness among many of the charm and chic of presentday sport clothes.

YOU MAY TAKE HIM
WITH YOU

AS I came down Fifth Avenue the other morning I saw ahead of me in the crowd a charming familiar figure walking with what seemed to be a very distinct purpose in view. Who was it—Ah, yes, Madame Olga Petrova, to be sure! No one else has quite that same erect elastic carriage. I wondered where Madame Petrova could be going in such haste at that early hour in the morning. There was evidently an appointment on hand somewhere. I was curious to find out and followed her along the Avenue through the early Forties.

At the corner of Fortieth Street itself Madame Petrova turned in suddenly. Knox's, of course! I might have known. All the World and his Wife go to Knox's nowadays—ever since the opening in the Spring of their Women's Department. Society and the best-dressed artists of the stage have discovered that you can find there the very new that is also the very unusual, especially in the matter of sport clothes. They come and often bring their husbands with them. For the two departments—the men's and the women's—being under one roof,

(Concluded on page 319)



A new riding vest in a fine quality of broadcloth, which can be slipped into, quickly from the back without unbuttoning the front. The special feature is the freedom given under the arms by the material being cut away, while the vest still retains its snug fit. The colors are hunter's pink, emerald, tan or white.



The "Alpine Polo Vest," that smart society and the stage are taking up in place of the sweater for golf, motoring or any outdoor sport. It is made of imported Alpaca wool in a range of delicious tones, the sleeves of a heavy quality of satin lined with Vivella flannel.



MARTHA HEDMAN

IN GOWN OF

Soirée Silk

BY HENRI BENDEL

*Lustrous Satin Finish
Dyed Pure in the Skein*

The new colorings in Soirée are inconceivably beautiful—For the most discriminating women of Fashion.

The Production of Rogers & Thompson
creators also of the new sensational
outdoor silk—YO-SAN

"I do so admire Soirée Silk. I have just selected a particularly beautiful piece for a new gown."

Sincerely yours,

Martha Hedman



BONWIT TELLER & CO.

*The Specialty Shop
of Originations*

*Fifth Avenue at 38th St.
New York*

*Evening gowns
of accentuated
personality—
for women and
the "jeune fille".*



AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, President

*(The standard institution of dramatic
education for thirty-three years)*

Detailed catalog from the Secretary

ROOM 172, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

Connected with Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PLAYWRITING

(16th year)

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING:

1. "The Technique of the Drama" \$1.50
2. "The Analysis of Play Construction" \$2.50
3. "The Philosophy of Dramatic Principle" \$2.50
4. "Why Plays Fail" \$2.50
5. "Examination Questions" on all the Principles.
6. "Answers" to each Question, for your comparison, by the School, illustrating from modern plays of every author of distinction.
7. A weekly letter of discussion and correction, continuing with illustrations from the most recent plays.
8. The analysis of your play. The above Academic Course covers four months.

Terms: \$40.00 in installments of \$10.00 a month, collaborative work, address as below. The first four volumes may be bought separately, but from the School only.

Address: THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PLAYWRITING, 1440 Broadway, New York



There is such a thing as an ability to render a service beyond the pale of competition.

Our studied service combined with our Department of Records, assures you unparalleled results when Cast building. Producers should draw on our energy and our resources.

*Musical Players
Dramatic Players
for modern producers.*

PACKARD
THEATRICAL
EXCHANGE
1416 Broadway
New York
Phone 5614 Bryant

TELEPHONE 5132 GREELEY

DRAMA MUSIC BOOKS

DIXIE HINES

INTERNATIONAL PRESS BUREAU

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE BUILDING

NEW YORK

General publicity of an intelligent and effective nature for players and productions

SEEN IN FIFTH AVENUE WINDOWS

AN artistic grouping of fans featuring the peacock, which seems to have entirely lived down the ancient superstition attached to its name, judging by the frequency with which one is seeing the bird used lately for decorative purposes. One or two of the peacock feather fans were of the usual conventional shape with either carved sandalwood or white sticks painted in gay Chinese colored figures. Others belonged more to the if-one-may-say Cleopatra period, the feathers being mounted in a V-shape base of Egyptian colorings attached to a round white handle.

* * *

In another part of the display fans which "starred" the dragon as a decorative motif, one particularly brilliant in coloring having sprawling dragons embroidered in white on a scarlet satin background. For the sticks carved white bone.

* * *

In a show case a display of the products of Violet, the French perfumer, whose delicious scent Ambre Royal was embodied—if one may speak corporeally of anything so ethereal as a perfume—in soaps, powders, perfumery, sachets. A particular feature of the display was the cold cream soap *solidifié* native to the Violet house. This is a soap made of cold cream solidified, fragrant as the perfumes of Araby, and wonderful for the skin, even the finest.

* * *

A lingerie slip consisting of camisolé and short three-flounced petticoat in deep cream net with perky little bows—like gay butterflies—of blue satin, pink satin, lavender satin ribbon, at intervals, blue, pink, lavender, blue, pink, lavender, and repeat. Pink satin ribbons held up the camisole and where they met the waist were touched off with, on one side, a pink bow, on the other a blue.

* * *

Every possible sized pieces of "Koustar" embroidery, squares, runners, doyleys, piece after piece and more inside the shop. This is embroidery done by the Russian peasants on hand-woven crash, a combination of drawn-work and colored stitchery. The crashes are of every shade—the dyes absolutely fast, of course—in blues, brown, reds, oranges, some of the embroidery being in the same color, some in contrasting. A deep cream square had a simple but marvelously effective robin's egg blue pattern in cross-stitch, another length was deep yellow embroidered in white, each one picked up seemed lovelier than the last. These embroideries are a great "scoop" for the shop showing them.



The star in autumn fashion productions.

Plays the lead in smart *but restrained* motor, street and sportwear, and millinery.

Silk, satin or other recherche fabric *plus* pontine — a new leatherlike surface in many rich effects.

Result—models and color combinations truly marvelous.

Only the *very smartest* shops have pontine.



Pontine Sales Department

120 Broadway

New York



This Star's Success

depends almost entirely upon her physical expression. Knowing this, with so many good corsets to choose from, why did she select a Goodwin Corset? She answers this question in her letter to us which reads:

"Can't tell you the comfort I am getting out of my Goodwin Corset. I feel human in it and my friends tell me I 'look' human; so what more can a human ask?"

Sincerely,

Trixie Ferguson



Fitted to Individual Measure. Priced at \$3.50 to \$50

Catalog de luxe with complete information regarding the season's new models sent upon request

Goodwin

373 Fifth Ave., New York City

CHICAGO: 57 E. Madison Street
BOSTON: 687 Boylston Street

SAN FRANCISCO: 330 Sutter Street
LOS ANGELES: 220 W. Fifth Street

LE CARNAVAL DES MODES

at the

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL

Monday Evening-October 30th-Tuesday
Afternoon and Evening-October 31st.

under the auspices of

THE WOMAN'S AMERICAN SUPPLY LEAGUE

For the benefit of Children afflicted by
Infantile Paralysis

Special Exhibit of Paris Fashions
by

J. M. GIDDING & CO.
Fifth Avenue at 46th Street, New York

INTRODUCING NEW MODES PORTRAYING A STRIKING
RESEMBLANCE TO THE COSTUMES AND DECORS OF
SERGE DE DAIGHILEFF'S NEW MOYEN AGE BALLETS,
"TILL EULENSPIEGEL" AND "MEPHISTO VAISE."



For drape and tailoring— Velutina

The leading dressmakers of the country, for the last twenty years, have so generally recommended this velvet fabric to their most discriminating customers that it has come to be known as—

“The Dressmakers’ Velvet”

The reason is obvious:

Velutina
The Velvet of Fashion

combines the beauty and lustre of chiffon velvet with the draping and tailoring qualities of broadcloth.

Velutina Cord is a corded velvet of Velutina quality.

At department and dry goods stores throughout the country.

To make certain that you are buying Velutina, look for the name stamped on the selvage.

ROGERS AND THOMPSON, the creators of the luscious silk, the soirée, which the stage has taken up with such enthusiasm, are putting out for the next season a silk which they call



“Yo-San,” entirely different in weave from the soirée, but just as unusual and delightful in its way. We were invited to have a first view of “Yo-San” in the spacious show-rooms of Messrs. Roger and Thompson before the fabric was put out on the market and can assure you that women are going to be charmed with this Japanese lady. Body, suppleness and durability are the features that characterize all their silks and “Yo-San” is no exception. She comes in every shade and in enchanting combinations of different colored stripes. Dust-shedding, and not easily wrinkled, wearing like iron, “Yo-San” will be the perfect material for sport skirts and jackets, for one-piece gowns and suits.

* * *

Madame Homer, who specializes in rebuilding new gowns from old—though she builds all-new ones too—has among other qualifications for her vocation a stage apprenticeship in the back-ground, which gives her a special knowledge of line and what makes for effectiveness.

Among her patronnes are many actresses, who, tradition to the contrary are very far from spendthrift and know the saving to be made in using material still perfectly good in an out-of-date gown in combination with a small amount of new.

Madame Homer can give you back for a fresh season, changed just enough for variety, the general air and color of the gown that everyone said was so becoming to you. She can extract the material that cost you so many dollars the yard from one frock and combine it with something that costs not quite so many dollars a yard. She can take the coat of a suit that you have always liked so much, but whose skirt was simply impossible, and return the

suit to you *in toto*, with a skirt prestidigitated into matching the becomingness of the coat.

* * *

There are so many color combinations put out by the manufacturers of Pontine. You know Pontine, of course! The latest novelty for coats—leather on one side and satin on the other woven together, soft and pliable! Some of the color combinations are Alice blue leather and rose inside, tan and rose, dark brown and wine color, tan and old blue, purple and black—and a myriad others.

* * *

As Paris sponsors velvet gowns, an added impetus will be given to the vogue of Velutina, the soft folds into which that material so readily falls making it just the thing for the full moyen âge frock. At a recent dress rehearsal of “The Blue Envelope,” just before it left town to tour the country, I saw a beautiful gown of Velutina worn in the first act by Miss Carrie Reynolds. The gown had a full skirt and the waist was covered with silver brocade, its long sleeves being edged with Spanish lace.



The far-reaching influence of the Russian Ballet is still seen in Fall Fashions. This Jenny coat, for instance, to be displayed on the 31st, at the Ritz-Carlton “Carnaval des Modes,” sponsored by Giddings, shows a striking likeness to the winglike drapery of the nymphs in “The Afternoon of a Faun.” Metallic brocade in rose and silver is the outside, the lining of melon colored chiffon velvet, and the enchanting deep double collar of alternate bands of moleskin and silver ribbon.

Willys
KNIGHT



The World's Greatest Motor—Especially in Closed Cars

Preferable in any car, a quiet motor is essential in closed cars.

And the Willys-Knight sleeve-valve motor is not only quiet when new—

It stays quiet.

In fact it grows steadily more and more quiet with use until it becomes virtually silent.

No other type of motor in the world gets quieter as it ages.

And this means more than absence of noise—it also means absence of wear.

The Willys-Knight is the healthiest, quietest, longest lived motor the world has ever known.

Select it for your comfort.

But select it also for its greater permanence of value.

See the nearest Overland dealer and place your order promptly.

The price shows that the economies of large production create closed car values which no other producer can equal

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

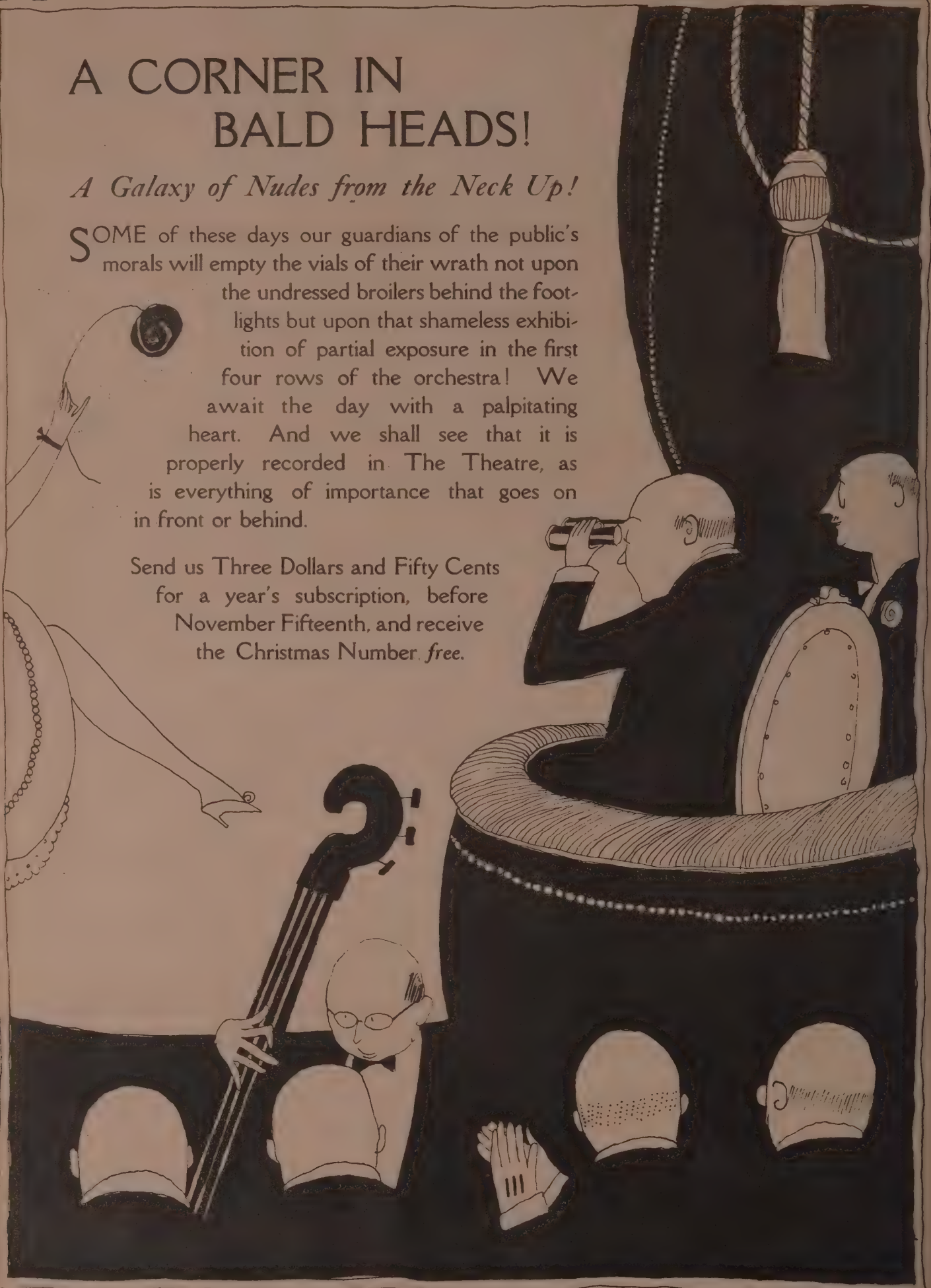
"Made in U. S. A."

A CORNER IN BALD HEADS!

A Galaxy of Nudes from the Neck Up!

SOME of these days our guardians of the public's morals will empty the vials of their wrath not upon the undressed broilers behind the footlights but upon that shameless exhibition of partial exposure in the first four rows of the orchestra! We await the day with a palpitating heart. And we shall see that it is properly recorded in *The Theatre*, as is everything of importance that goes on in front or behind.

Send us Three Dollars and Fifty Cents for a year's subscription, before November Fifteenth, and receive the Christmas Number *free*.



THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York

Your name and address here

You'd be surprised to know
how easily you can pin your
Check or Money Order for
\$3.50 to this margin

YOU MAY TAKE HIM WITH YOU

(Continued from page 312)

each feels at home in the other's, and the Women's Department is especially welcoming and cordial to the man. So you may see the millionaire known on two continents helping his wife select Alpine Polo Vests, or the husband of a Dolly

counted for *her* look of satisfaction at least.

* * *

Satisfaction would seem to be a characteristic of Knox shoppers. I came across another satisfied lady I know, accompanied by her admiring Other Half. They were stocking out for a short "Anniversary" honeymoon, a motor trip that was to include as well the playing over of several golf courses, and had just completed the purchase of a sport suit for the occasion.

Eager to have me share in their satisfaction, they showed me the suit, which was made of a lovely quality of Jersey cloth, very soft and warm but very light in weight, the color a greenish leather mixture. (There were other colors to be had, bright shades such as cherry, mustard, emerald green, but this seemed the best for their purposes.) Pockets were its main motif. There were little side pockets slipped into the front of the jacket, there were big patch-pockets on the bottom of the jacket's skirt, there were large pockets in the skirt itself. Added to all these obvious charms was that of a moderate price. And so they evened up with an extra hat for the golf course, a soft green felt, broad-brimmed, with a green satin ribbon lined with purple twisted around the crown with such an air.



An imported leather motor coat which comes in a deep old blue, rose, golden brown and taupe. It is lined throughout with an all-silk twill and summed up as having "no wear out to it." The hat is black silk plush very soft and crushable, just the thing for motoring.


sister picking out the latest thing in imported motor veils. Going out of the shop you may bump into Caruso talking to Miss Kitty Gordon. And at any time of day you may encounter Miss Martha Hedman, or Miss Jane Cowl, Miss Rambeau or Miss Helen Ware or Miss Florence Nash, who have run in to pick out a hat or two.

* * *

Madame Petrova herself had been hastening to an appointment with her husband, I found, as I went into Knox's on an errand of my own. For a half hour she gave her whole attention to the proper judging of a Fall hat for him and then, turn about being fair play, he accompanied Madame Petrova to the second floor and gave his judgment in the choosing of some sport clothes. Later I saw them going away together laughing and talking and looking very pleased with each other, and I heard Madame Petrova say something about "not really intending to buy those other things when I came in," which easily ac-



A stunning sport coat made of camel's-hair cloth, semi-lined, light in weight, but very warm at the same time. Tan, brown, Nile and dark green, navy and peacock blue, greyish taupe, and black are the tones in which it chooses to express itself. The hat that goes with it is of soft silky felt in yellow with ribbon band and bow in brown satin lined with yellow.



EVERY lamp in this collection will satisfy your sense of beauty and fitness, as every lamp and shade is designed, each for the other, agreeing perfectly in color, form and design. Lamps and shades for any room in your house await your selection.

A lighted lamp is the most conspicuous object in a room; it should be a thing of beauty in complete harmony with its surroundings

EDWARD I. FARMER
CHINESE ARTS AND DECORATIONS
5 West Fifty-sixth Street, NEW YORK



FLINT'S FINE FURNITURE

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
A PLEASURE AT
FLINT & HORNER'S

To lighten the burden of Christmas shopping we have assembled for convenient inspection on our main floor a collection of appropriate gift articles affording the widest range of choice, and in our Special Gift Corner the many small luxuries for the home.

Every piece is plainly marked as to price and so arranged that comparison with similar pieces can be made at a glance.

NOWHERE ARE VALUES GREATER OR PRICES LESS THAN AT FLINT & HORNER'S

ORIENTAL AND DOMESTIC
RUGS AND DRAPERIES

FLINT & HORNER CO., INC.
20-26 WEST 36th STREET
NEW YORK



To Miss Pickford: We here publicly thank you for honoring us with the permission to offer the first Art Calendar of you, the world's most popular woman.

A Mary Pickford Secret

You know that she has a rare charm of youthful beauty. But do you know that she has a quality of perseverance almost unequaled in the history of the world's famous women? For example, she posed 70 times over a period of many weeks before she was satisfied that this, her first Art Calendar, showed herself and her pet, "Canary Billie," in just the best possible pose. In her motion pictures, her writings, her charities, etc., etc., she is satisfied with only the best.

Will you think us boastful if we say that we feel the same way toward Pompeian toilet preparations? We are satisfied with only the best. For example, Pompeian NIGHT Cream was tried out for 7 years before we thought it sufficiently perfected to bear the name Pompeian. By the way, Pompeian NIGHT Cream is entirely different from our popular Pompeian MASSAGE Cream in purpose, use and results.

Beauty Hint If you will acquire the habit of nightly use of Pompeian NIGHT Cream, youthful beauty will linger long in your face. Your skin will become soft and clear. Pompeian NIGHT Cream is already famous from coast to coast for its snow-whiteness, smoothness and delicacy of perfume. It also solves the complexion problem of women who motor. Sample sent with Art Panel. Motorists' tubes, 25c. Jars 35c & 75c at the stores. An imitation will disappoint you. Refuse it if offered.

Hair Hint Soft, brilliant, fluffy hair will be yours if you use that delightful clear amber liquid, Pompeian HAIR Massage. It is also bringing relief to thousands troubled with unsightly and dangerous Dandruff and Scalp Itching. It will not discolor the hair. Bottles, 25c, 50c & \$1 at the stores. An imitation will disappoint you. Refuse it if offered.

Art Panel of Miss Pickford and Pompeian NIGHT Cream sample sent for 10c. Size, 28 in. by 7 1/4. Art store value, 50c. In exquisite colors. Please clip the coupon now before you forget it.

Cut Off, Sign and Send

The Pompeian Mfg. Co., 20 Prospect St., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a Mary Pickford Art Panel and a Pompeian NIGHT Cream Sample. For letting me have this picture for only 10c, I will gladly speak a good word to my friends about it and Pompeian products if I like them.

Name

Address

City..... State.....

GREAT MOMENTS IN GREAT ACTING

(Continued from page 286)

accepted as melting gestures or an expressive torso!

With the advent of Calvé, however, all this was changed. She instantly achieved fame as a singing actress—as the first grand opera star, indeed who could act as well as sing—a hitherto almost unheard of thing. Of course, there were luminous exceptions—Victor Maurel's Iago being one. But Calvé's advent was exceptional enough to create a furore, and this Calvé certainly did, for she drew the opera public to her feet and gained the acclaim of all artists, dramatic and musical. Among the former the late Joseph Jefferson who was loud in her praise.

And what a *tour de force* was this Carmen! Such a masterpiece in original authentic force, in brilliancy of coloring, sharp outline, depth of passion, ominous profundity of feeling and a scintillating, high, mad gaiety that thrilled, in contrast to the lurid abysmal tragedy to follow later in this drama-opera. Her first entrance struck a note as perfect and extreme as anything she did later in the play. It was that telling first note, sometimes stridently discordant, but always edged with sharp authority, that the great artist strikes to get an audience, sometimes to sound an audience or the acoustics of a house. I have seen Mrs. Fiske use it in "Erstwhile Susan" and Bernhardt in "L'Aiglon."

Calvé, as I remember, came pirouetting on to the stage from beneath a bridge, her body whirling, her hands swirling high above her head in mocking merriment at the surging crowd of men, who hemmed her in. I have never seen a stroke on the stage surpass it in hectic color or in illuminative, graphic effect.

This entrance said as much and reached as high a significance as the final, throbbing moments in the ebbing life of her death scene.

Epoch-making is the proper expression for this performance. Calvé seemed born especially to act this primitive, colorful, erotic creature. Adventurous love seemed the keynote of her life—but, above all, free and weirdly, fatalistically individual. It is hard to define Carmen except as Calvé plays her—an Oriel-like being, primitive, impressionistic with a blaze of color. It is questionable if anything so vivid had ever been seen, previously, on the stage. All other Carmens pale into insignificance. In this performance there were abundant "moments"—her abject terror when she read her doom in the cards—her pictorial sliding gesture as she relapsed sumptuously and voluptuously, with lissome grace into her lover's arms—the bravado, especially, of the whole performance was matchless and unforgettable. She was the soul of Carmen, the adamant achieving mind of Carmen, and above all, the spirit, dare-devil and body of Carmen.

Years ago, it was my fortune to see Victor Maurel as Iago in "Othello." Here again, the conviction was forced on me that the singer was a rounded and complete histrion. The singing here seemed part of the acting, but the acting was the greater part. It compelled and held and fascinated as only great acting can. Such repose, such authority, such subtlety! What depth of depravity he exhibited in Iago! There seemed no bottom to his scheming, cunning and vile treachery. His was the most insinuating Iago I had ever seen. Every big character has its major note—Maurel's Iago was grim as fate, as sure as Nemesis, Evil incarnate. In the famous scene where he gradually, insidiously de-thrones Othello from his sure position of ease and happiness, he was at his best, and at the culminating

moment, when he stands gloatingly over the prostrate form of the disillusioned, hopeless Othello, his look, bearing, his suggestion of detached power, absolute control of the situation was regal and superb—a complete and perfect Shakespearean performance.



"MACBETH" ACTED IN JAPAN

(Continued from page 290)

plain—no scenery as we understand the name. One conventionalized pine tree painted upon the background was the only attempt at scenery for the Nô-dance is above all else a direct appeal from mind to mind. Suggestiveness is the one thing striven for, naturalness the chief thing to be avoided—just the opposite standard from the attempts of the actors in the "Macbeth" production. The costumes were most elaborate, of the richest brocades and embroidery. Part of the pleasure of the audience was gazing upon the old costumes and masks which are never seen even now in Japan except at a performance of a Nô-dance. The movements of the actors were most impressive. Their ideal is great deliberation, restraint of power, perfect balance, in fact, one object of the Nô-dance is the perfect training of mind and body. Between each act a comedy was played for mental relief. The whole production was like a leaf from the by-gone ages. The weird music, gorgeous costumes, words sung by choruses instead of being spoken by the actors, the conveying of meanings by suggestion, was the direct opposite pole from the attempt at the Imperial Theatre to produce "Macbeth." All the subtle suggestiveness that formerly characterized Japanese actors and the simple, marvelously decorative artistic achievement was forgotten in the modern strife for realism such as Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree is now giving us. Reinhardt, Bakst, Urban, Gordon Craig would find little welcome over there to-day in the Imperial Theatre, for realism down to the least detail of costume and furniture they are eagerly striving to have. Naturally the result was such as any earnest group of amateurs might achieve. It could not possibly be ranked as great acting though it is doing a great service in educating the people and giving them new ideas of world literature.



BLANCHE RING RECEPTION AND IMPROMPTU TEA AT THE SONORA SALON

On Thursday, September 21st, a most enjoyable afternoon was spent in the magnificent salons of the Sonora Phonograph Corp. Miss Blanche Ring, that most popular American comédienne, was hostess of a most delightful recital and tea, where in her own inimitable manner she entertained a representative and select audience for two hours or more.

She was most ably assisted in her work by the Sonora Supreme Phonograph, their new \$1,000 model. Miss Ring's charming manner and vivacity were most amply typified in her general personality during the afternoon, and all in all it was a new departure wherein the aid of the phonograph was called in to play.

Mr. Tommy Mead, at one time America's foremost jockey, who is now associated with Miss Ring in her present company playing "Broadway and Buttermilk," was also present, and rendered a duet with Miss Ring which was particularly pleasing.

A most delightful luncheon was served, and Miss Ring's invitation to everyone present to go up to her and meet her personally, was more than appreciated by this large attendance.



The perfect freedom

of the Décolleté costume is given by this toilette requisite—

Evans's Depilatory

(With convenient outfit for applying)

—a fine powder which, used occasionally, keeps the skin entirely free from superfluous hair. There is no safe way to remove hair permanently.

50c for complete outfit. Money back if you want it. At drug- and department stores. Send us 50c and dealer's name.

George B. Evans
1106 Chestnut Street, Phila.
"Makers of Mum"

"The Crowning Attribute of Lovely Women is Cleanliness"



Naiad Dress Shields

add the final assurance of cleanliness

FREE FROM RUBBER

The Naiad Dress Shield sounds the highest note of Beauty, Quality and Cleanliness—Absolutely free from rubber.

Can be sterilized in boiling water and pressed with heated iron. All styles and sizes to fit every requirement.

Regular, Full Dress, Shirt Waist are made in flesh color. Guarantee with every pair.

At stores or sample pair on receipt of 25c.

Naiad Waterproof Sheeting for the nursery and hospital

THE C. E. CONOVER CO., Mfrs.
101 Franklin Street, New York

MR. SOTHERN
IN THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 292)

come to anything. If it does I shall be glad. Two or three weeks ago Julia and I were driving through Central Park. We passed a bandstand on which a man was conducting a chorus. A crowd of people stood about him. He was teaching children to sing. He was in his shirt sleeves. The next day a newspaper commented on it. It criticised him for conducting in his shirt sleeves. That was arrant snobbery. On a par with it would be the speech of someone who said: 'I don't want to see Mr. Sothern in pictures.'

He looked very fit, very graceful, young enough for many years of stage pleasure yet to be accorded us. I told him so. He answered with his fascinating earnestness, half boyish, half dream-like.

"It is using the voice that tires an actor. That is the reason a day's work before the camera leaves one fresh. The propulsion of the voice to the audience is the major physical effort of acting. It is the exhausting part. On the other hand I feel its loss in picture work. It is an aid in securing an emotional state. One's own voice plies the whip to his emotions."

"If it were not for domestic reasons I might stay and help in the work of a people's theatre. I would like to reach the people with good works of the stage at a cheap rate." Was it possible that the man who is to live in England is already homesick for his work, for his own land. He answered my silent question. "But it doesn't matter if you have a message, where you deliver it. My wife, in the place in which we shall conclude to build our home, will not keep her glorious voice still. She will not suppress the poetry in her nature. She will pass on the message of art, perhaps to children in the village. I do not know where. But it does not matter where a message is delivered."

We of New York think otherwise. We believe in the fine Democratic theory of "the greatest good to the greatest number." But the point was not to be urged against the argument of domestic reasons.

Besides Mr. Sothern was talking of art. He was talking of Tolstoi's theory that that only is art which produces emotion. To emphasize it he was wagging a long, tapering, well-groomed finger, perilously near my helpless nose.

There I leave him. Thus I want to remember him. Talking of art in the shadow of the brown gate of restricted Sea Gate. Standing on the sidewalk, wagging his finger, concentrating, as is his wont, on the subject in hand, excluding all others.



BOOKS RECEIVED

CALIBAN BY THE YELLOW SANDS. By Percy MacKaye. Illustrated. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

A FALSE SAINT. By Francois De Curel. Translated by Barrett H. Clark. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

MASTER WILL OF STRATFORD. New York: The Macmillan Company.

YOUTH. By Max Halbe. Translated by Sara Tracy Barrows. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

REVERIES OVER CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH. By William Butler Yeats. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

PUNISHMENT. By Louise Burleigh and Edward Hale Bierstadt. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

THE MOTHERS. By Georg Hirschfeld. Translated by Ludwig Lewi-sohn. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Company.

WHEN THE MANAGERS
WENT ON STRIKE

(Continued from page 298)

don't you remember I was once a prize fight manager? If the strike breakers try any funny business, I'll get my pugilists together and eat 'em alive."

"Don't you intend to produce any plays yourself?"

"Not for a long time. But here comes Flo Ziegfeld. See what he has to say."

When Flo saw the Playwright, he waved him away.

"Out of my sight!" he shrieked. "You remind me of my troubles."

"What's the matter, Flo?" demanded Billy Brady as he chewed a cigar.

"Mon Dieu! You ask yet what is the trouble? I've received notices from the bald head row that if I don't produce 'The Follies' they'll get strong arm men to do me up. The baldies say they simply can't live without 'The Follies.' What shall I do? If I'm killed, poor little Billie Burke, my wife, will starve—at least her princely income will be reduced."

"Don't get rattled, Flo," said Brady soothingly. "A meeting of all the managers has been called for this afternoon, and we'll talk things over. Maybe everything will be settled."

"No, it won't," wailed Ziegfeld. "I never knew theatre managers settle anything." Then he left to seek consolation in the hotel café.

That same afternoon the managers met in one of the Shubert theatres. They congratulated each other on the success of their strategy and enjoyed themselves hugely, swapping yarns about how much this play did in Dubuque, Iowa, and how Buffalo had received that play with open arms. Now that the strain of investing money in plays was over, everyone was happy. All were beaming except Flo Ziegfeld who still lived in dread of the awful threat made by the bald head row.

Suddenly a scuffle was heard at the back of the theatre. A. E. Thomas had forced his way in. Rushing to the stage, the dramatist shouted:

"I am authorized to offer any manager here the services of Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford as co-stars."

There was a gasp from the managers. Visions of the maddened populace fighting to see Charlie and Mary in one play flashed before every manager's mind. With one impulse they rushed the stage.

"What's the play? How much royalty? How much salary?" they shouted.

"Charlie and Mary have volunteered their services free. There is no royalty because Will Shakespeare wrote the play. It is called 'The Taming of the Shrew.' Mary wants to be the Shrew and Charlie says he can tame her with his little cane and his nimble feet! Who wants it?"

"I do!" cried all in unison.

"Gentlemen! The strike is broken!"



Overheard in local studio:irate music teacher to a fat student—"Young man, you should feel disgraced at such a performance. If you were one-half as well taught as you are fed, you would be a marvel."

Student—"Well, Professor, you see, you teach me, and I feed myself."—*Los Angeles Music Student.*

"My poor woman," said the settlement worker, "what can I do to relieve your distress?"

"Can you sing, ma'am?"

"Why—er—a little."

"I wish you'd sing some of the new ragtime songs, ma'am. Me and my husband ain't been to a cabaret in two years."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

The BILTMORE
NEW YORK

Vanderbilt and Madison Aves., 43rd and 44th Sts.

ANNOUNCE

The Opening of the
Supper Room

MONSIEUR MAURICE

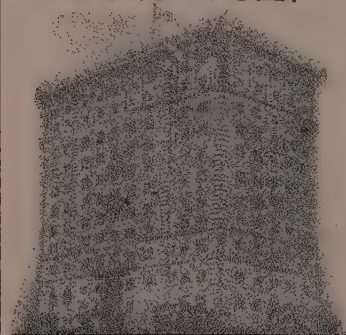
AND

MISS FLORENCE WALTON

will have charge of the dancing and give their own wonderful exhibition after the theatre.

MISS WALTON'S gowns having aroused such great interest there will be special "CALLOT" and "LADY DUFF GORDON" nights, when her new and latest creations will be worn.

The Social Rendez-Vous for afternoon tea 4 to 6 P. M.
Kalaluh's Hawaiian Orchestra

HOTEL
LENOX
BOSTON

Reflecting in every phase of its distinctive service your idea of what a good hotel should be. Convenient to everywhere.

Single Room with bath—\$2.50 to \$4.00
Double Rooms with bath—\$3.50 to \$6.00

L. C. Prior, Managing Director

YOUR SPARE TIME

The Theatre will buy your spare time. Let us tell you how easy it is to earn pin money the "theatre" way.

For particulars, address

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE
Dept. C 6 East 39th St., New York

In the December issue
"Personal Reminiscences"
By JOHN MASON



Such Graceful Freedom!

Not possible if we are conscious of our under-arms, but we are not if we use

EL RADO

A Sanitary Liquid for Removing Hair
In the simplest, most "womanly" way

By saturating absorbent cotton with the liquid, and applying it, the hair becomes lifeless in a few moments, then it can be washed off.

After the hair has been removed, dust some talcum on the surface, and you will appreciate the comfort and cleanliness of skin as smooth as velvet. EL RADO does not stimulate or coarsen later growth—on the contrary, the hair comes back finer—proving that it is harmless. Money-back guarantee.

50c and \$1 At all toilet counters.

If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail if you write enclosing stamps or coin.

PILGRIM MFG. CO., 44 East 28th St., New York

Why Not a
Trip to Atlantic City?

You will enjoy the invigorating breezes of the ocean at this time of the year. Stop with us at the St. Charles, where you will find everything conducive to a pleasant sojourn.

HOTEL ST. CHARLES

Directly on the Boardwalk—Orchestra of Soloists—Open All Year Around—Noted for Cuisine—Excellent Service—Automobiles Meet All Trains



ALAMAC
L OCEANFRONT, H
A Fireproof GRILL, In the Heart of Atlantic City
M DANCING, ATLANTIC CITY
A Cap. 400. European Plans, GARAGE
C Sea Water Baths
MACK LATZ & CO. L



GOOD taste displayed in all the rest of a man's attire will not overcome the poor impression created by loose, sagging socks. The Boston Garter keeps them snug and smooth all day.

At Stores Everywhere Silk 50c—Lisle 25c
GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

The eternal quest of a white, soft skin



All women engage in it, because all women recognize that even the most beautiful features are spoiled by a muddy complexion and marred by the small stains that so often appear on an otherwise perfect skin.

Most women know that a good bleach is a necessity but few women know that

Dioxogen

is an efficient bleach and yet contains no acetanilid, or other poisonous substances.

These poisons often do more harm to the skin than their bleaching properties do good.

We will gladly send you a sample bottle on request. Address, Dept. C.

Dioxogen earns its place on your dressing table because it is unsurpassed in efficiency and absolutely harmless

The Oakland Chemical Co., 10 Astor Place, New York

GOOD SKETCHES RARE AS RADIUM IN VAUDEVILLE

(Continued from page 278)

without mention of Nellie V. Nicholls, the V standing for versatility on the authority of some vaudeville critic with well-developed powers of discernment. Here's a young woman with an all-pervading personality whose reliability as a public entertainer makes her the marked woman of the two-a-day.

And there's another exceptionally talented young woman in the person of the statuesque Cecil Cunningham, who proudly admits she is aided and abetted by her husband, Jean Havez, although not in public, for his assistance comes about through his administration to her needs in the capacity of song writer and composer extraordinary. That explains why Miss Cunningham's numbers are always new and novel but without her superb delivery and splendid stage deportment there is a strong possibility that they might be robbed of much of their charm.

Back to the scenes of their former conquests have come Florence Tempest and Marion Sunshine, sisters who are again united after each had achieved distinction as individual factors in musical comedy. These always delightful girls who have adopted for professional usage the euphonious words descriptive of atmospheric conditions, have returned with their talents highly polished as result of their incursion into domains more ambitious but with their ability to anticipate and appease the preferences of variety devotees none the less acute.

New York to date has not warmed to the tabloid musical comedy with any of the degree of ardor which has marked its progress through the territory of its nativity, the Middle West. One of the most ambitious of these curtailed musical comedy affairs, "Four Husbands" by name and boasting of a book by Will M. Hough, music by William B. Friedlander, seven principals, a chorus of eighteen and special scenery and accessories, recently occupied the stage of the Palace for nearly an hour but failed to create the furore its promoters devoutly wished for. Just where the fault lays is lost because of low visibility, but the fact remains these spectacles do not possess the fascination for Eastern theatre-goers that they do for the Westerners.

And still the dancing spectacles continue their vogue. One of the latest to attract metropolitan attention is that of Miss Mildred Macomber and company of twelve who have a dance story called "Holiday's Dream," in which classical dancing, diving, posing and pantomime are cleverly blended. Statues come to life most unexpectedly in this dream sketch presented with elaborate stage settings, and the offering is certain to hold its own in the big competition now being waged in the endeavor to make each dancing spectacle "bigger and better" than the one immediately preceding it.

Radiating health and happiness Jack E. Gardner has reappeared in vaudeville with a vehicle which he himself calls "Old Stuff" but which really is new material cleverly executed. His is a singing and talking offering as effervescent as a newly opened bottle of wine and it proves every bit as much of a tonic. For those afflicted with the "blues" the writer earnestly prescribes fourteen minutes with Mr. Gardner.

Another reliable gloom dispeller is Charles Grapewine, now presenting a comparatively new sketch called "Poughkeepsie" in which he is assisted by Anna Chance. How many years Mr. Grapewine has been making two-a-day audiences glad has no place here but it is suffice to say that he is the male "Polyanna" of vaudeville.

VICTOR RECORDS

Emilio de Gogorza is one of the singers who appreciates the beauty of Meyer-Helmund's works, and he includes the best of them in his program. Especially beautiful is the "Magic Song," sometimes called "The Magic of Thy Voice," which Mr. de Gogorza has given for the November list. The fine sentimental song, "Sing Me to Sleep," is beautifully given by Mme. Gluck and Mr. Zimbalist, the emotional effect of the soprano's touching rendition, being heightened by the throbbing notes of Zimbalist's obligato, while a string quartet background is in the highest degree effective. Herbert Witherpoon has selected for his November contribution a new song, "Just You," by that gifted American writer, Henry Thacker Burleigh. Julia Culp gives a beautiful interpretation of Schubert's masterpiece, "Du bist die Ruh." It is a dignified and deeply emotional rendering, notable for smooth tone production, perfect rounding of phrase and period, and phenomenal control of breath. Encouraged by the great success of his "Caprice Viennois" as a violin piece, Mr. Kreisler has been persuaded to arrange it as a song for voice, and John McCormack's beautiful voice is well suited to such music as this, and he sings it exquisitely. Mme. Homer gives with tenderness and beautiful expression the beloved old hymn, "Where Is My Boy To-Night." Frieda Hempel sings the exquisite ballad, "The Last Rose of Summer," in delightful style, with a clear and distinct enunciation of the English text. The fact that Mme. Powell has included in her repertoire "Guitarero" is sufficient guarantee of its merit. It is an effective solo with a well-marked and ingratiating rhythm, intentionally fantastic.

This month the Hurtado Brothers have given us the greatest favorite among the Sousa marches, "Stars and Stripes Forever March," a number familiar in almost every country on the globe. It is a splendid rendition, perfect in tone and rhythm. To say that "The Moaning Saxophone Rag" issued last year made a hit is but inadequately stating the case, and we are almost tempted to say "created a furore." Here is another moaning record "Saxophone Sobs," a lively fox-trot full of sobs, which will give "The Moaning Saxophone Rag" a race for popularity. To accompany this composition with the heart-rending title that big hit, "Walkin' the Dog" is presented.

Conway's Band furnishes a large proportion of the dance music for this month, and lively music it is, consisting of three new fox-trots and a charming waltz by Deutsch, arranged by Tobani. The Victor Band contributes two attractive medleys, including the hits of the new Hippodrome production, "The Big Show." McKee's Orchestra offers two beautiful waltzes played in the style which made this organization famous.

Heading the list of popular songs, Morton Harvey contributes "Morning, Noon and Night," and "If You Don't Want Me Send Me Back to My Ma." The Collins-Harlan duo "oblige" with "Oh! How She Could Yacki Hacki Wicki Wacki Woo" (That's Love in Honolulu) and "Come On to Nashville, Tennessee." Two touching Irish numbers, "Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came from There" and "All Erin is Calling Mavourneen," are sung by Charles Harrison. Albert Campbell and Henry Burr collaborate on "She Is the Sunshine of Virginia," while popular Hawaii is the inspiration for "Down Honolulu Way" which Alice Green and Raymond Dixon contribute. "Honolulu Lou," by Campbell and Burr and "I Lost My Heart in Honolulu," sung by Charles Harrison and Herbert Stuart, are other gems. Adv.



"BADINAGE"

More airily graceful than the conversation of a brilliant wit is Victor Herbert's banter in music.

But to know how light and sparkling "Badinage" really is, you must hear Andrei Kmita play it on

RYTHMODIK

RECORD MUSIC ROLLS

Rythmodiks record faultlessly the touch, the tonal values, and the phrasing of the master pianist who makes the master rolls.

The Rythmodik plays classical and popular music with equal ability.

Ask your music dealer to play Herbert's "Badinage" on the Rythmodik record.

Write for complete catalogue and monthly bulletins of new records.

Address Dept. T. I.

American Piano Company
437 Fifth Avenue New York

"No skin troubles for me—use"

HYGIENOL

GUARANTEED STERILIZED
POWDER PUFF
IN SANITARY ENVELOPE

Look for the TRADE MARK—
Lamb's Face in Circle—
on all HYGIENOL POWDER PUFF
Sanitary Envelopes

Finest Quality Lamb's Wool

10c 2 1/2 in.
15c 2 1/4 in.
25c 3 1/2 in.
35c 4 1/4 in.

HYGIENOL POWDER PUFFS are sold at all dealers. If not at your dealer we will send direct on receipt of price and three cents extra to cover postage.

MAURICE LEVY, 15 West 38th Street, New York
Importer of Famous Creme Simon and Societe Hygienique Toilet Products.

ALL unwelcome hairs on arms or face removed instantly with one application of this famous preparation. In Paris and New York, famous beauties have used it the past 75 years, with approval of physicians and dermatologists. Try it. 50c and \$1. But refuse cheap, dangerous substitutes.

X-BAZIN

DEPILATORY POWDER

If your druggist does not keep it, send direct to
HALL & RUCKEL
221 Washington St., New York

THE EMPIRE STATE
ENGRAVING COMPANY
165 WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE 3880 BEEKMAN

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

A. H., Southampton, L. I.—Q.—Kindly tell me in what issue you published an account of Maude Adams' production of "The Maid of Orleans." 2. What is the price of that number?

A.—Our August, 1909, issue contains a lengthy review of "Joan of Arc" as presented by Maude Adams and three illustrations from the play. 2. 50c.

Subscriber, Akron, O.—Q.—Can you tell me who wrote the music for "Madame Sherry" which was given here some years ago?

A.—Hugo Felix.

A. B. C., Bradford, Pa.—Q.—Please give me an account of the career of Lenore Ulrich, who played recently in "The Heart of Weton"? 2. Did Lowell Sherman and John Milten also appear in "The Heart of Weton"?

A.—Lenore Ulrich was born at New Ulm, Minn., of German extraction. Wisconsin was the scene of her development. She resided for several years in Milwaukee. Her pronounced brunette type, seeming to indicate Latin rather than Teutonic origin, has enabled her to play Spanish and gypsy girls, a maid of Hawaii and a half-breed with almost no make-up. She received the first three years' training in stock. The first opportunity was presented by a Milwaukee stock company where she began in the proverbial maid part. She evolved into a utility woman in a Chicago stock company. In Grand Rapids, Mich., she developed into an ingénue. She quickly rose to leads, and in that capacity finished her stock career. She achieved distinction shortly afterward as Laurette Taylor's successor in the name role of "The Bird of Paradise." 2. Yes.

T. U. P., Schenectady, N. Y.—Q.—Have you ever published an account of how they prepare the tank for the skating scene at the Hippodrome?

A.—See our January, 1916, issue. In it there is an article entitled "Making Switzerland on Sixth Avenue", which deals fully with the question you ask.

H. D., Hartford, Conn.—Q.—Who played the part of Caliban in the Masque given at the Stadium? 2. Did the actor who played this rôle appear in Granville Barker's company at Wallack's Theatre a couple of seasons ago? 3. Will Mr. Barker return to this country?

A.—Lionel Braham. 2. Yes. 3. It was announced recently that Mr. Barker would not return to this country again to produce plays.

Henry, G.—Q.—Where can I get a good photograph of Sarah Bernhardt, also a picture of Julia Arthur? 2. Will Madame Bernhardt tour the United States this coming season?

A.—Try Sarony, Inc., 364 Fifth Avenue, New York. 2. She is at present touring this country.

Student, Albany, N. Y.—Q.—What book would you recommend for anyone wishing to get a foothold on the stage?

A.—See "Training for the Stage" published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Lillian H., N. Y.—Q.—Kindly publish an account of Donald Gallaher's career. 2. Is he starring in "The Silent Witness"?

A.—Eleanor Robson discovered Donald Gallaher. It was while she was playing in "The Girl Who Had Everything" and he was a member of her company. He was five when he went upon the stage. Clyde Fitch, who liked his quality and predicted that he would become a fine actor of the natural school, wrote the part of Tommy Means in "The Girl Who Had Everything" for him. He appeared with Miss Robson also in "Nurse Marjorie" and in "Salome Jane." Last season he was seen with Ethel Barrymore in "Our Mrs. McChesney." 2. No.

P. S., New York.—Q.—Kindly name books written by E. H. Sothern. 2. In what play did Julia Marlowe last appear? 3. Will you publish the cast of the Sothern and Marlowe production of "Anthony and Cleopatra"?

A.—E. H. Sothern has written his "Reminiscences," just published. 2. Julia Marlowe's last appearance on the stage was on May 27th last when she recited a poem at the close of Mr. Sothern's performance in "If I Were King." 3. Mark Antony, E. H. Sothern; Octavius Caesar, A. E. Ansorge; M. Aemilius Lepidus, Rowland Buckstone; Sextus Pompeius, Ben Johnson; Domitius Enobarbus, William McVay; Eros, Charles Balsar; Scarus, Howard Kyle; Agrippa, Jacob Wendell, Jr.; Proculeius, William Harris; Thyreus, Henry Stanford; Menas, Lee Baker; Canidius, Reginald Barlow; Euphronius, George Venning; Demetrius, G. F. Hanan-Clark; Alexas, Lawrence Eyre; Diomedes, Pedro Cordoba; A Soothsayer, Albert Brundage; A Clown, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Guardsman to Caesar, Alfred Cross; Cleopatra, Julia Marlowe; Octavia, Beatrice Forbes-Robertson; Charmain, Jessie Busley; Iras, Leah Bateman-Hunter.

ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

(Continued from page 272)

That is what he is there for.

When an out-of-town patron can't get a seat for the same night, he usually asks to be directed to the best show in town. I wouldn't be loyal if I didn't tell him one of the company's other theatres, and I can usually do so conscientiously. Perhaps he is wise. Then he will look at me cunningly as if to say, "Oh, of course," but he generally takes the advice. It is necessary to cultivate an air of virtue. If you are doing your work intelligently and giving the best you have, that isn't so hard to do. Then the patron is likely to ask about the best hotel and my opinion of the tariff and the traction troubles and the European war.

One doesn't have much trouble after he learns to avoid it. The box office man must always keep his health and his senses and his balance and his good temper. He mustn't let his mind get off his work for an instant. The public finds fault with us just as the public finds fault with everybody else. It isn't any primrose path.

I've had twelve years of it now, and there isn't a gray hair in my head. If there were, I suppose I'd have to begin thinking of another job, because a box office man mustn't grow old. It's all in knowing how to play the game. I think we're just as human, have just as many friends in balance against the fault-finders, and look the cashier just as steadily in the face on pay-day as the next man.

If you are going to succeed as a box-office man you will need a few virtues, such as the patience of Job, the manners of Chesterfield, the brain of an adding machine, the diplomacy of a Bismarck, the smile of a cherub and the voice of a siren.



EARLY AMERICAN DRAMATISTS

(Continued from page 276)

wax candles in silver candle-sticks, was accustomed to receive the President at the box-door and conduct Washington and his party to their seats. Even the newspapers began to take notice of the President's contemplated visits to the theatre.

The play which probably is best known to-day, as by William Dunlap, is his "André," in which Washington figures as The General, later to appear under his full name, when Dunlap utilized the old play in a manuscript entitled "The Glory of Columbia—Her Yeomanry." The play was produced on March 30, 1798, after Dunlap had become manager of the Park Theatre, within whose proscenium it was given. Professor Matthews, editing the piece for the Dunlap Society, claims that this was the first piece acted in the United States during Washington's life, in which he was made to appear on the stage of a theatre. But it must not be forgotten that in "The Fall of British Tyranny," written in 1776, by Leacock, Washington appears for the first time in any piece of American fiction.

So we might go on indefinitely, narrating incidents connected with Dunlap as painter, playwright, author, and theatrical manager. But this is sufficient to illustrate the pioneer character of his work and influence. Inaccurate he may have been in his "History of the American Theatre," but the atmosphere is there, and he never failed to recognize merit, and give touches of character, without which our impression of the early theatre in this country would be the poorer. The name of William Dunlap is intimately associated with the beginnings of American painting, American literary life, and the American Theatre.



THE CULT of BEAUTY

LEADERS of the Stage in London, Paris and New York use and love the fascinating Valaze preparations of Madame Helena Rubinstein.

The greatest favorite of the London stage to-day writes pithily: "My advice to those who desire Beauty is—Use Valaze."

"Every woman can have the unflinching charm of an attractive complexion by using Valaze preparations," writes another enthusiastic admirer.

VALAZE BEAUTY SKINFOOD

Will preserve your complexion, if naturally good, for years to come; if impaired by ill-treatment or by weather, VALAZE will restore delicacy, softness and suppleness. VALAZE restores and perfects the beauty of every complexion, hence all beautiful women sing its praises. Price, \$1.00, \$2.00 and \$6.00.

VALAZE SKIN TONING LOTION is the companion preparation, better and more rapid results are obtained by its use. For a dry skin, the "Special" is used. Price, \$2.00 and \$4.00. For greasy or normal skin, the ordinary. Price, \$1.25, \$2.25 and \$5.00.

VALAZE BLACKHEAD & OPEN PORE PASTE

Refines coarse skin texture, reduces enlarged pores, suppresses blackheads, and overcomes greasiness and mottled appearance. Price, \$1.00 and \$2.00.

VALAZE LIQUIDINE

Overcomes enlarged pores and oiliness of skin, also undue flushing of nose and face. Gives skin a mat appearance. Price, \$1.50, \$2.75 and \$5.50 a bottle.

VALAZE VEIN LOTION

Nearly every woman when examining her face will find on it small, wavy red lines, especially on the sides of the nose and on the cheeks. These disagreeable blemishes are caused by broken and congested veins, and become noticeable with the cold weather. Valaze Vein Lotion is the only preparation known in the world, used in such instances. Price, \$3.00, \$5.00 and \$10.00.

VALAZE ROMAN JELLY

This new astringent balm tightens and makes firm loose and flabby tissue. It accomplishes the most remarkable tightening and smoothing out of the skin about the temples, eyes and throat. Price, \$1.50 and \$3.00.

FACE POWDERS

Valaze Complexion Powder, for normal and oily skin. Novena Poudre, for dry skin. Price, \$1.00, \$2.50 and \$4.50.

VALAZE BEAUTY TREATMENTS

At the Maison de Beaute Valaze, 15 East 49th Street, New York, as at her Paris and London salons, under Madame Rubinstein's direct supervision, wrinkles and crowsfeet vanish; blackheads, enlarged pores, shiny skin, red nose, superfluous hair, double chin, and other imperfections are quickly remedied by exclusive advanced methods.

A copy of Mme. Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," sent on receipt of 2 cents postage.

MME. HELENA RUBINSTEIN

15 East 49th St., New York City

PARIS: 253 Rue Saint Honoré LONDON, W.: 24 Grafton Street

San Francisco: Miss I. Martin, 177 Post St. and Grant Ave.

Philadelphia: Mme. Rose Schachman, 2536 W. Somerset St.

New Orleans: Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimble St.



A Statement

—by Lillian Russell

So many people have asked me—

if Lillian Russell's Own Toilet Preparations are really my own—

if I am actively engaged in their production—

if I use them myself—

—that I consider this statement due my many friends, whom I am not privileged to meet in person:

Lillian Russell's Own Toilet Preparations are made by the formulas and of the pure ingredients that I have been using for the last twenty-five years.

I am active in their production—in fact, they are my hobby.

A remarkable old French chemist presented me with my toilet formulas. They had been cherished for years by famed beauties of France.

I found that these various preparations, when made by my private chemist according to the formulas, acted like magic in keeping my skin clear, firm and youthful. This chemist is now producing Lillian Russell's Own Toilet Preparations for my many friends and for myself under my own direction.

Talcum Powder	Rejuvenating Powder
Liquid Dressing	Smooth-Out Cream
Rouge Vanity Box	Skin Emollient
Lip Rouge	Cleansing Cream
Shampoo Powder	Purity Face Powder
Hair Tonic	Vanity Box

My friends have spoken so highly of my toilet preparations that the demands for them by discriminating women has become nation-wide and most good drug and department stores sell them.

I should like all women who are dainty and particular about their appearance to know them. So if you cannot obtain them I will be pleased to supply you direct.

Lillian Russell
New York

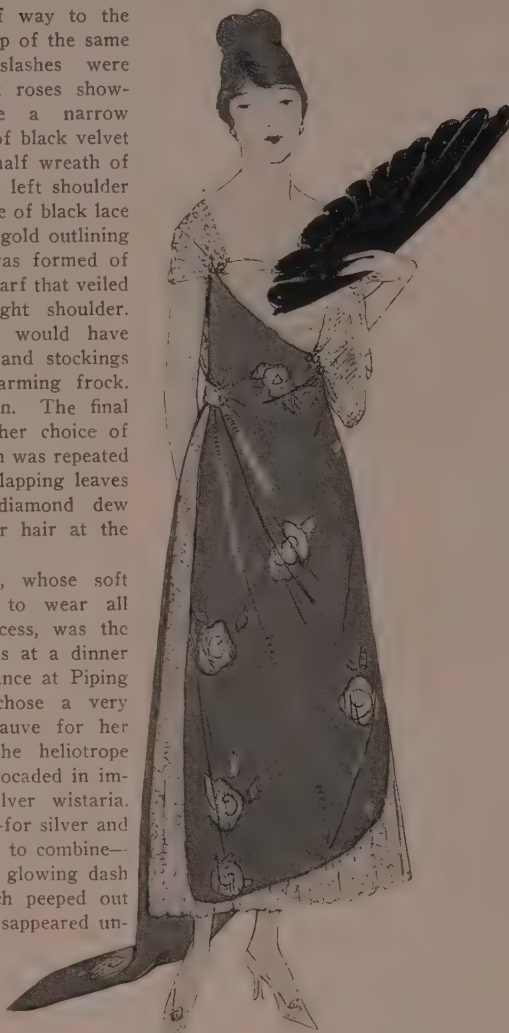
FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 302)

coat was slashed half way to the knee over a narrow slip of the same material, and the slashes were edged with bold pink roses showing here and there a narrow loop of gold and one of black velvet instead of leaves. A half wreath of roses was posed at the left shoulder and a transparent sleeve of black lace with faint traceries of gold outlining the chantilly design, was formed of one end of a floating scarf that veiled the back and the right shoulder. Most of us I think would have selected gold slippers and stockings to wear with this charming frock. Not so Miss Dahlgren. The final chic was attained in her choice of a rose leaf green, which was repeated in a semi filet of overlapping leaves sparkling with tiny diamond dew drops worn across her hair at the back.

Mrs. George Gould, whose soft coloring enables her to wear all colors with equal success, was the admired of all matrons at a dinner dance at the second dance at Piping Rock. Mrs. Gould chose a very beautiful shade of mauve for her sumptuous costume, the heliotrope ground being boldly brocaded in immense garlands of silver wistaria. The cold combination—for silver and mauve are chilly colors to combine—gained warmth from a glowing dash of orange velvet which peeped out at one shoulder and disappeared under a sash of gold net that formed a veil for the back of the bodice and simulated graceful sleeves. With her very beautiful pearls Mrs. Gould wore also a new diamond collar that just fitted her throat and lay flatly over the lower part of the neck.

I have been favored with a peep at the trousseau of the first of the fashionable brides to choose late October for her wedding day. Of course, I am speaking of Miss Cannon, daughter of Mrs. Theodore Frelinghuysen, who will become the bride on October 28th of Jonker Luden of a great Dutch banking house. Miss Cannon belongs to that ultra fashionable and exclusive set which can afford to look down upon Newport as frightfully mixed and vulgar. Tuxedo Park, which was created by the late Pierre Lorillard as a refuge for the people who despise the common herd of merely rich, will be the scene of the wedding which will bring out the most representative crowd of old New Yorkers seen. I venture to say, in many a moon. But I have wandered far from Miss Cannon's trousseau. A pretty little sentiment—and sentiment is so rare a quality that even fashion writers must respect it—causes the wedding gown itself to be shielded carefully from the gaze of even the most intimate friends of the bride and so one may only surmise that it will be rich with priceless old lace, for the Frelinghuysens



Rose pink brocaded in gold and silver is chosen by Miss Anglin for her "big" scene in "Caroline." One of the new panel trains is shown with a gold and silver lace underslip.

and the Cannons have long cherished family laces from which Mollie O'Hara may draw for the beautification of the bridal robe. But I am not forbidden to describe some delirious negligées which are certain to cause the staid Dutch friends of the bridegroom to stare. One of these tea gowns is inspired by the flaming rainbow affair worn by Miss Margot Kelley in "Pierrot the Prodigal." It consists of a loose Turkish garment of silver gray satin of the softest imaginable quality, with half sleeves and long drawers showing bands of silver and orange silk embroidery in designs that form "good luck" texts from the Koran. Over this garment fall a series of petticoats in varying length of thinnest tissue, more filmy and delicate than chiffon. These skirts range in color from dead clear white to a deep strong amber and are embroidered in rich Oriental colors mixed with silver and gold threads. The effect is at once luxuriously Oriental and adorably "cumfy" since the negligée invites one to loiter about in attitudes of ease.

As widely different as Orient from Occident is another negligée in Miss Cannon's collection. This is a "manteau doublée" of pale blue chiffon lined with flesh pink. It is cut quite simply in long flowing lines.

TREO

TRADE MARK
ELASTIC GIRDLE
PATENTED

THE CORSET WITHOUT LACES

Made entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. It is **IDEALLY SUITED TO FALL FASHIONS** and lends grace with absolute comfort at all times. Our patented methods of construction, and the character of materials used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear, and make unnecessary the use of corset laces. Made in short and long lengths, white and pink. Retailers from \$2.00 to \$7.00. If your local dealer cannot supply you, write for illustrated free booklet. Do not accept a substitute garment.

TREO COMPANY, Inc.
160 H Fifth Ave. New York

Hotel Imperial

Broadway and 32nd St.

WILLARD D. ROCKEFELLER, Mgr.

600 Rooms single or en suite
\$1.50 per day, and up.

With bath, \$2.00 per day up.

Imperial Home Dinner

Served Daily from 6 to 9 p.m.
\$1.00 per cover.

Cuisine and Service Unexcelled.

AT HERALD SQUARE
The Hub of New York

Pure Honey is Healthful

Use it Freely



Give it

to the Children

all the time

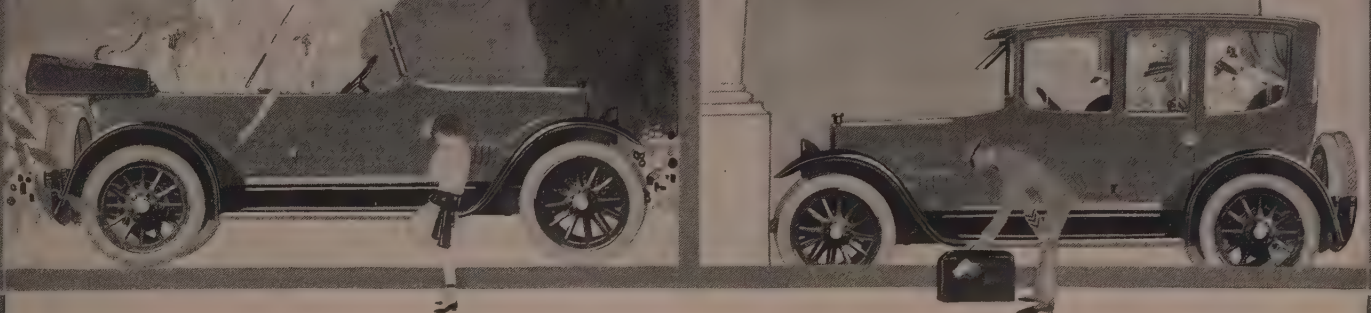
Send one dollar for a five pound can of **Pure White Clover Honey**. (All charges paid within 150 miles of New York. Elsewhere 20 cents extra).

ERNEST G. PETERKIN

Chappaqua, N. Y.

KISSEL CAR

The ALL-YEAR Car



Kissel's Original Idea that Doubled the Social Usage of the Automobile

The refinement and exclusiveness of the ALL-YEAR Car—Kissel's original "two-in-one" idea—are duplicated only in the highest priced, permanently closed coaches.

Acknowledged to be the highest development of the convertible idea, it possesses in every essential the requirements that good taste dictates and social prestige demands. Note how the ALL-YEAR Top FITS IN—not on—to the body unit,

giving the appearance of one perfect piece of permanently enclosed coach building—inside and out. In the summer your ALL-YEAR Car becomes a wide-open, roomy, touring car with no roof to intercept your view.

Hundred Point Six

The car of a Hundred Quality Features—the superiorities of which caused a stampede among careful car buyers 48 hours after it was first announced. The ALL-YEAR CAR is mounted on this famous *Hundred Point Six*.

Hundred Point Six, Touring Car or Roadster.....	\$1095	ALL-YEAR Roadster-Coupe	\$1520
Hundred Point Six, Gibraltar Body.....	\$1195	ALL-YEAR Victoria-Town Car.....	\$1850
ALL-YEAR Touring-Sedan.....	\$1520	De Luxe SIX-42.....	\$1650
ALL-YEAR De Luxe SIX-42 Touring Sedan.....	\$2000		

Send for illustrated ALL-YEAR Car booklet

KISSEL MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Hartford, Wis.

COUNTRY BASKETS
STEAMER BASKETS
PRESENTATION BASKETS

ESTABLISHED 1863

H. HICKS & SON,

557 FIFTH AVENUE



Basket of Select Fruit Packed and Shipped

THE FRUIT SHOP

ORDER A BASKET OF FRUIT
FOR THOSE AT HOME

557 FIFTH AVENUE

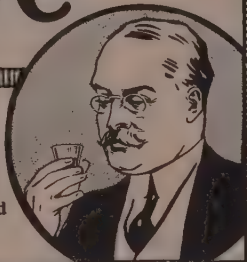
NEW YORK



Carstairs
Rye

In the
Protective Bottle

A good bottle to keep good
whiskey good.



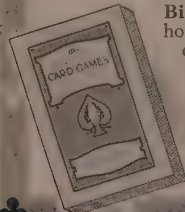
"Let's see
what Hoyle
says"

YOUR opponent
says that the game
should be played a
certain way. You
think otherwise. Con-
sult the revised edition
of "The Official Rules
of Card Games"! The
modern Hoyle. Teaches
the correct way to play
and score every one of
the world's 300 card
games. 250 pages. Sub-
stantially bound. Sent
for 15 cents postage.

Incidentally, this book will show you photographic
reproductions of some of the latest backs in

CONGRESS PLAYING
CARDS

When you see these designs and realize that they are miniatures
of art masterpieces and are printed in full color and gold you will
know why Congress Cards are so popular for social play and why
they are appreciated especially by the gentler sex. They are
the finest cards that can be made. Gold edges. Air-cushion finish.
New dainty French size. Yet the price is within the means of all.



Bicycle Cards — For General Play — Favorites in
homes and clubs the world over. Ivory or Air-
cushion finish. Club Indexes. Very reasonably
priced.

This is the revised book described above. Con-
tains all the new rules. Send 15c in stamps and
receive it by return mail.

THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO.
Dept. H 2 Cincinnati, U.S.A. or Toronto, Canada

THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 281)

from London, sang Betty. She is
competent and attractive. Without
going into detail of personalities and
songs, capitally contrived ballets and
other features.

"Betty" may be accepted as a suc-
cess.

HARRIS. "UNDER SENTENCE."
Play in three acts by Roi Cooper
Megrue and Irvin S. Cobb. Pro-
duced on October 3rd with this cast:

Katharine	Janet Beecher
Copley	Felix Krembs
Jewett	George MacQuarrie
Shaunnessy	Stephen Denbeigh
Mike	T. P. Gunn
Fagan	E. G. Robinson
Tony	Thomas Mitchell
Kid	Frank Morgan
Stroud	E. M. Dresser
Egan	Joseph Slaytor
Jennings	George Wright, Jr.
Blake	George Nash
Fleming	Harry Crosby
Pratt	Lawrence Eddinger
Strauss	John A. Boone
Jones	Gerald Oliver Smith
An Official	H. W. Pemberton

"Don't you just dote on convicts?"
said a friend the other evening at
"Under Sentence." "They're so
sympathetic and downtrodden and—
er—underdogish, if you get what
I mean. Not that I should care to
mix with them socially—we must
draw the line somewhere—but on
the stage they're vastly more excit-
ing than the folks that manage to
keep out of jail."

Imagine an American billionaire—
one whose first name is, say, John.
Imagine him in the prime of life
sent to the penitentiary. Then, if
your imagination hasn't already
cracked under this terrible strain,
imagine the billionaire turning into
a Thomas Mott Osborne and re-
forming the prison. The moral
seems to be that our jails need our
plutocrats badly.

John W. Blake was as soulless as
a whole corporation. Making and
breaking men was his favorite in-
door sport. But he broke one man
too many when he let young Copley
go up the river to do four years for
John W.'s misdeeds. Janet Beecher
was Copley's wife, and she had not
read Ida Tarbell and seen "The
Lion and the Mouse" and that plays
numerous progeny for nothing. She
muckraked around until she had the
goods on John W. Thus she gave
him his big chance to become a
prison reformer. Stone walls do not
a prison make for the power of a
billionaire. Blake, a convict, elected
his own governor, who promptly
made Blake boss of the entire pun-
ishment shop.

The firm of Megrue and Cobb an-
nounce that "Under Sentence" is a
"comedy drama." Experienced play-
goers promptly translate the euphem-
ism into spade language and say
"farical melodrama." And they are
justified by the event.

"Justice" could be taken seriously,
but melodrama by its very nature
can't.

LITTLE. "HUSH." Comedy in
three acts by Violet Pearn. Pro-
duced on October 3rd with this cast:

Mr. Greville	Eric Blind
Mrs. Greville	Winifred Fraser
Jim Greville	Robert Rendel
The Porter	Robert Entwistle
Julie Laxton	Cathleen Nesbitt
Huntley Driffield	Edward Douglas
Miss Cording	Louie Emery
Mrs. Allison	Katharine Brook
Miss Allison	Cecilia Radcliffe
Lizzie	Augusta Haviland
Rev. James Allison	Cecil Yapp
Keith Allison	Cecil Fletcher
Lucilla	Estelle Winwood

There is something approaching a
real novelty at Mr. Ames' exquisite
Little Theatre. "Hush" is the most
peculiar combination of the ingenu-
ously naive and the satirically so-
phisticated seen here in a dog's age.

Like "Fanny's First Play" it is a
comedy within a comedy. In other
words an independent piece is given
with an acted prologue and epilogue.
Julie Laxton is the spirit of fem-

inine revolt. She belongs to an or-
ganization whose purport is to daily
shock the community. She has
written a play, unknown to her
fiancé, Jim Greville, called "Hush,"
dealing with "nature facts." The
production of this piece leads to a
misunderstanding about the baby in
the play which is naturally straight-
ened out; while instead of shocking
Jim's elderly Victorian parents, she
finds that "nature facts" need not
necessarily shock but quite frequently
are found to bore. Julie also dis-
covers that radicals are not always
taken as seriously as they would
have it. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt acted
this rôle in a spirit suggestive of
want of conviction in her propo-
ganda. But she was pretty to look
at. Jim was nicely done by Robert
Rendell and the parents delineated
with sweet delicacy and tact by
Winifred Fraser and Eric Blind. The
theatrical manager mistaken as the
father of the stage baby was nicely
etched by Edward Douglas. The
play in little has for its heroine a
young bride, Lucilla, brought up with
freedom from the conventions by a
father. Her freedom of speech
shocks the inmates of the rectory to
which she has come as the wife of
the rector's son. So impressed is she
with the fact that "hush" intervenes
on the attempted reference to any-
thing concerning approaching mater-
nity that she finally becomes ashamed
of the baby when born. This leads
to village gossip and scandal, but the
paternity of the child is firmly es-
tablished by daring methods. Lucilla
as acted by Estelle Winwood is a
creation of delicious charm. Cecil
Yapp is intaglio-like as the Rector
and a wonderfully sustained bit of
village character is contributed by
Louise Emery as a gossiping spinster
seamstress.

"Hush" is so delightfully fresh and
original that the defects of Miss
Pearn's comedy are easily condoned.

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "FIXING
SISTER." Comedy drama in four acts
by Lawrence Whitman. Produced
on October 4th with this cast:

John Otis	William Hodge
Lord Haggitt	Hamilton Deane
Judge Willard	Charles Canfield
Abbey Sexton	Miriam Collins
Mrs. Marion Ellsworth	Jane Wheatley
Lady Wafton	Ida Vernon
Irving	George Lund
Mary	Rosalie Sinclair

Once again kind hearts and simple
faith have put it all over Norman
Mood. "Fixing Sister, or the Scul-
lery Maid's Delight" is my sugges-
tion as a title for William Hodge's
latest. And he might well discard
the penname, Lawrence Whitman,
and sign himself Laura Jean Libbey
II.

This time William hails from
Kansas City. He fixes sister by
toiling a pair of bogus nobles. The
haughty English peer had been rob-
bing her at roulette and was trying
to borrow \$125,000 when brother
blew in, unwired the roulette table,
demonstrated that Haggitt Manor
was a Castle Nowhere, and en-
gineered a police raid on sister's
bridge party. The rest of the time
William was indulging in miscellan-
eous repartee—a sort of Hodge-
podge.

This feeble scion of "The Man
from Home" is, of course, just an-
other exploitation of that provincial
jingoism which helps make some
Americans ridiculous. No doubt there
is a large public for it, just as there
is for "Pollyanna." If you like
treacle on your watermelon, you like
it; and that settles it.

But Mr. Hodge is a good actor.
At least, whenever he elects to stop
playing "hick" parts, it will be the
end of a perfect jav.

As such, he deserves better plays
than this Lawrence Whitman grinds
out for him.

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"

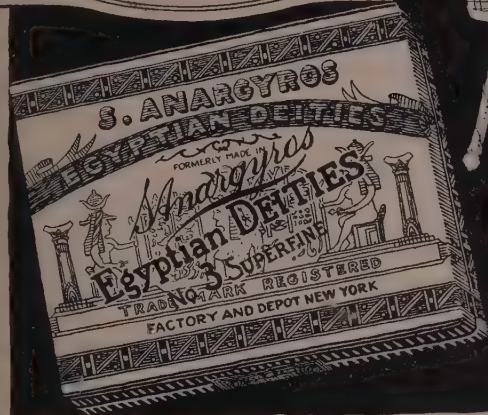
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette

25¢

Anargyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



Celebrity

Edna Hunter, the prominent actress says:—"I think **"SMILES"** are the most delicious Mints I have ever tasted and I heartily recommend them."

SMILES

"The Mint With The Smile Wins"

Little, round mints with a flavor that brings the smile of satisfaction. The candy tit-bit for theatre, after smoking—for every occasion when you need something good to chew on. It's easy to remember the name—SMILES.

Sold everywhere in handy tin-foil packages 5c

THE CERTIFIED PRODUCTS CO.

Printers Crafts Bldg.
8th Ave., 33rd & 34th Sts.
New York City



5c.

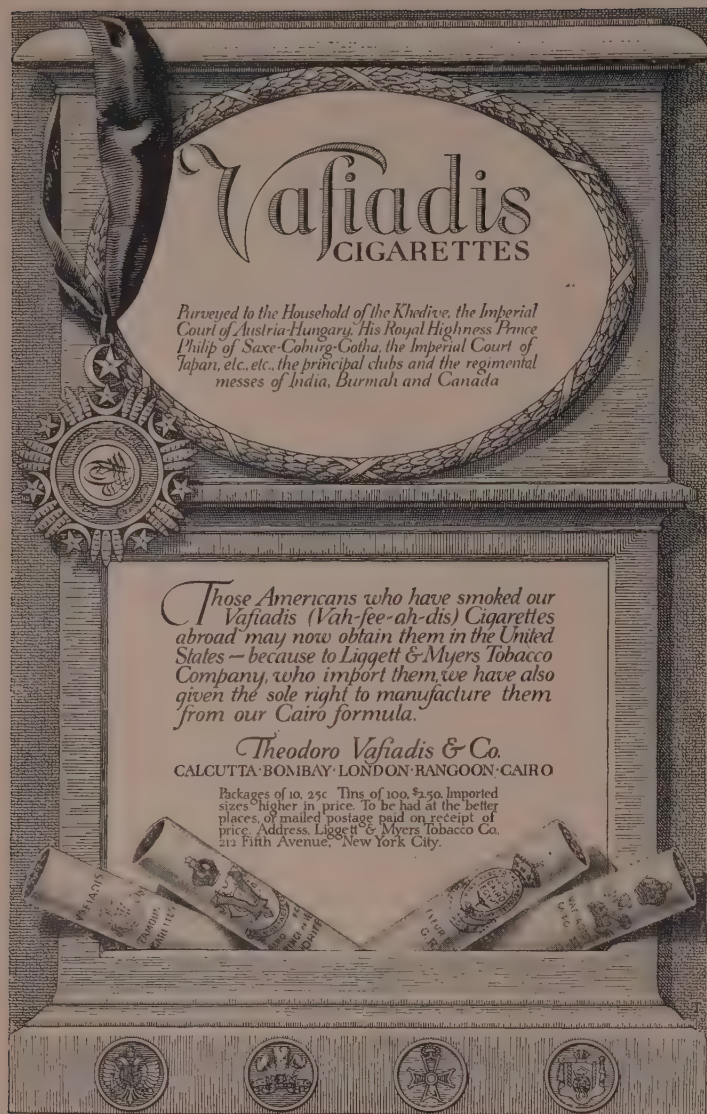
The bigot has lost caste in America.

It is the *moderate* man who has authority—the man who knows how to *use* and not *misuse*.

You will find thousands of *moderate* men using a wonderfully mild and mellow Whiskey—*Wilson—Real Wilson—That's All!*

The Whiskey for which we invented the Non-Refillable Bottle

FREE CLUB RECIPES—Free booklet of famous club recipes for mixed drinks. Address Wilson, 319 Fifth Ave., N. Y. That's All!



Vafiadis
CIGARETTES

Purveyed to the Household of the Khedive, the Imperial Court of Austria-Hungary, His Royal Highness Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, the Imperial Court of Japan, etc., etc., the principal clubs and the regimental messes of India, Burma and Canada

Those Americans who have smoked our Vafiadis (Vah-fee-ah-dis) Cigarettes abroad may now obtain them in the United States—because to Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, who import them, we have also given the sole right to manufacture them from our Cairo formula.

Theodoro Vafiadis & Co.
CALCUTTA-BOMBAY-LONDON-RANGOON-CAIRO

Packages of 10, 25c. Tins of 100, \$2.50. Imported sizes higher in price. To be had at the better places, or mailed postage paid on receipt of price. Address: Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

Hipolito Lazaro, the Spanish tenor, who has been called the greatest tenor since Rubini, will be first heard in this country through the exclusive recordings made by the Columbia Graphophone Company.

Hipolito Lazaro was born at Barcelona in 1890. Although possessed of a beautiful voice as a youth he did not pay any special attention to his vocal gifts until at about the age of nineteen, when he joined the ranks of the Spanish Army, where he fought in the battle of Manila with such gallantry that he received a distinction of honor. It was while in the service of his country that some officers overheard him singing to his comrades one night. They were so impressed with his talent that they secured his release from the army so that he could return to Barcelona in order to take up his studies.

After a short period under the tutelage of the famous Maestro Senor Bau he made his appearance in Barcelona in "L'Africaine," in which he scored a success so great that the critics already compared his art with that of "Gayarre," their idol.

He then went to Milan in order to study the Italian repertoire and to complete his studies under the guidance of the celebrated tenor and maestro, Cav. Ernesto Colli. Everyone who chanced to hear Lazaro sing there recognized the unusual vocal equipment he possessed and it was not long after that he went to London to sing for the Covent Garden Directors, and was immediately offered a five-year contract.

Following his stay in London he was engaged for guest performances in Vienna, Bucharest and Budapest and a season in Genoa at the Teatro Carlo Felice where Maestro Mascagni heard him and forthwith engaged him to create the tenor part in his latest opera, "Parisina," at the La Scala in Milan, which appearance stamped Lazaro as the "Tenor of the Generation." Shortly before his singing at the Scala he was called at short notice to substitute the famous Bonci in "Rigoletto" at the Costanzi in Rome, and was named the "King of the Dukes."

From the Scala (where he was also re-engaged) he went to the Teatro Colon in Buenos Aires and shared the season with Caruso. Then followed a season at Havana where he proved a sensation, so much so that he was compelled to sing in twenty-two performances during a season of twenty-six. He returns to Havana this winter which is to be followed up with his Metropolitan appearances.

His records of "Celeste Aida," "Rodolfo's Narrative" from "La Bohème," "O Paradiso" from "L'Africana," and "A Te O Cara" from "I Puritani," are absolute marvels of power and art, epochs in the history of sound reproduction.

These master-records of the new world-tenor appear in the November list of Columbia Records, which presents offerings by other artists of hardly less distinction. The Metropolitan Opera Company is represented by three great German singers—Otto Goritz, Carl Braun and Herman Weil. Herman Weil sings Schumann's "Two Grenadiers"; Goritz completes the "Spielmannsleben," and Carl Braun excels himself in his initial recording, the bass masterpiece, "Down Deep Within the Cellar."

The instrumental section of this truly matchless list is quite the equal of the vocal offerings, presenting Chopin's "Berceuse" by Godowsky; Eddy Brown, in two dazzlingly brilliant compositions; the initial recordings of George Barrere's notable Little Symphony Orchestra; two dances from "Carmen." Adv.

AT THE RIALTO

NOW, Joe, your Master Blue. Got it? Cycles two—eight—four—and nine. Sixty-six. Come on, let's have it! Right. Now, Red Everything. One—three—six—five—and four. Thirty-three. There's your overture. On the crescendo, throw on your amber and come up slow all together."

"There's no meaning to it," as the tutor was wont to remark in "The College Widow" when the boys gave their football yell. Quite so. There is not a particle of meaning to it—unless one is privileged to sit in the Rialto Theatre of a Sunday morning while the presiding genius of the place is composing his weekly color symphony.



S. L. ROTHAPFEL.
Director of the
Rialto Theatre

Then the cryptic nonsense quoted above resolves itself into a very explicit set of instructions, shouted at the electrician who is handling the mammoth switchboard back of the scenes. At the Rialto, for the first time in the history of the stage, those combinations of light and color which charm the eye when seen across the footlights have been carried beyond the boundaries of the proscenium arch and used to create an enveloping aura throughout the auditorium itself.

The system is one of indirect lighting. Hundreds of bulbs, arranged in color cycles of red, blue, green, and amber, nestle behind the cornices, shine within inverted chandeliers, hide back of columns, or glow softly through translucent crystal panels set here and there in wall and ceiling. When a change in the color or in the intensity of their radiance is desired it is never accomplished hurriedly. No lights ever flash on or off. By the use of an elaborate battery of "dimmers," which regulates the amount of current supplied to each cycle of lamps, they are dissolved into darkness or gradually brought up to full power at a rate synchronized with that at which the human iris adapts itself to changes of light. In this manner the dazzling of sensitive eyes is avoided and each successive effect melts into the next with a smoothness which in no way disturbs the visual and audible harmony of the surroundings.

Suppose it is Sunday morning, about 11 o'clock. S. L. Rothapfel, whose creative artistry transformed the new lighting system from a dream to a reality, is perched on the wide railing of the orchestra pit, facing the auditorium. His Orchestra, having rehearsed all the music which it is to play for the new bill which opens in the afternoon, has dispersed among neighboring restaurants. His singers have tried their songs with the orchestra and they, too, have gone out for a bite to eat before making up. He is left with his electrician and his stage crew to add the final aesthetic touch to a program which already represents three days of careful constructive labor.

In his mind he carries every detail of the entertainment, from the opening overture until the last flicker of the comedy film. He has seen his feature picture and has devised the orchestration for it. He has watched the current news films and selected those of liveliest interest, supplementing their value by the character of the music he chose to go with them. It is because Mr. Rothapfel pays attention to the minutest details that the Rialto Theatre is a success.



Little savages! How we rebelled at all the wise and cleansing habits mother loved! Have we kept them up? The regular shampooing of our scalps, for instance? Never a better habit for the hair than that—whether for children or for older folk. Never a better soap for shampooing than "Packer's". It helps the scalp do the work Nature intended it to do.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP

WE heartily recommend all of the articles mentioned in *Footlight Fashions*. If the questions of different and special sizes, colors, prices or quality of any of them arises with you, do not hesitate to write Anne Archbald. She will give you all possible information, and it leaves you under no obligation to purchase. *Theatre Magazine Shopping Service*.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE THEATRE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1916, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, editor and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none. Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 888 West End Ave., New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed by LOUIS MEYER, Business Manager.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1916.
SEAL] GEORGE H. BROOKE, Notary Public,
Bronx Co. No. 44.
New York Co. Clerk's No. 148.
New York Co. Register's No. 8150.
My commission expires March 30, 1918.)

THE
CHRISTMAS THEATRE
ON SALE
NOVEMBER 28th
Order Your Copy Now

RIALTO
BROADWAY AT 42ND ST.
DIRECTION OF S. L. ROTHAPFEL
World's Temple of the Motion Picture and Shrine of Music and Allied Arts
AN INSTITUTION THAT STANDS ALONE
Orchestra of 35 Soloists
Largest and Finest Organ in Any Theatre, Anywhere.
ALWAYS WORTH WHILE
The Best Motion Pictures the World Affords!
CONTINUOUS FROM NOON PRICES, 50, 25, 15c.

IF YOU BUY YOUR THEATRE MAGAZINE from a newsdealer, you will be doing him a favor if you order in advance, and you can be quite certain of securing your copy. Better still, why not subscribe through your dealer?

For all Household Uses



20 MULE TEAM BORAX
99% to 100% PURE BORAX
FOR HOUSEHOLD USE
PACIFIC COAST BORAX CO.
MINERS, REFINERS, MANUFACTURERS
NEW YORK-CHICAGO-OAKLAND, CAL.

FOR HOUSEHOLD USE
BORAX softens water. When you take a bath or wash your face and hands, you will find that Borax added to the water will cleanse the pores thoroughly, remove perspiration odors and leave the skin soft and refreshed. The secret of a good complexion depends largely on the softness of the water you wash in, so always use Borax.

Borax is a product of Mother Earth—it will not do the slightest harm to the tenderest skin. On the contrary, it will prove extremely beneficial.

In the laundry, Borax will save you much rubbing and soap. It will loosen and drive the dirt out of your clothes and make them white, fresh and sweet smelling. One part Borax to three parts soap makes a fine combination in the wash tub.

In the kitchen, Borax will reduce your labors wonderfully because it cuts the dirt and grease from pots, dishes, knives and forks, etc. But be sure you get the best Borax—the kind that shows the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package and sold by all dealers—

Makes Hard Water Soft

BORAX softens water. When you take a bath or wash your face and hands, you will find that Borax added to the water will cleanse the pores thoroughly, remove perspiration odors and leave the skin soft and refreshed. The secret of a good complexion depends largely on the softness of the water you wash in, so always use Borax.

Borax is a product of Mother Earth—it will not do the slightest harm to the tenderest skin. On the contrary, it will prove extremely beneficial.


In the laundry, Borax will save you much rubbing and soap. It will loosen and drive the dirt out of your clothes and make them white, fresh and sweet smelling. One part Borax to

three parts soap makes a fine combination in the wash tub.


In the kitchen, Borax will reduce your labors wonderfully because it cuts the dirt and grease from pots, dishes, knives and forks, etc. But be sure you get the best Borax—the kind that shows the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package and sold by all dealers—

20 Mule Team Borax

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic
Is used with benefit as a gargle, by singers and speakers, to prevent or relieve hoarseness.



The Powder and Cream of Royalty
Violet
Paris



Sold in the Best Shops all over the world and 71 West 35th St. New York



Second Edition Now Ready!

TRAINING FOR THE STAGE

BY

ARTHUR HORNBLow

Editor of "THE THEATRE MAGAZINE"



DAVID BELASCO, THE WORLD'S GREATEST
TEACHER OF THE DRAMATIC ART, SAYS:

"I have read 'Training for the Stage' for the second time, and must say that it contains much of great interest to the professional. It should also be of great value to the novice. The author's treatment of his subject is very unusual and most skillfully handled. A really brilliant book."

"Invaluable to those who seek the stage as a profession"—
DRAMATIC MIRROR

12 mo. Cloth bound Eight Illustrations \$1.25 net

ALL BOOK STORES

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY, Publishers
PHILADELPHIA and LONDON

Are You Tied to a Desk? Or a House? Or a Hobby? Or a Hubby?



Have you forgotten how to play? Do you talk as if you were dictating a letter, or dismissing a cook, or lecturing on the lesser plants of the frozen tundras? If so, you should

Come and Play With Us!

Vanity Fair likes to play. We have never grown up, and we don't intend to. Unlike Wilde, we don't see the importance of always being earnest. We refuse to have a mission, except the mission of not having a mission. We dare to live and laugh; to enjoy the arts, the graces, the refinements and the pleasures of life. We dare to play!

Don't be an old maid, or an old bachelor, or an old bore!

Play with us, and you will find yourself in a new-found land, entirely surrounded by invitations. You can talk! The round-eyed debutante, the high-tiaraed dowager, the soulful vers librist, the visiting celebrity, the romantic old ruin known as Aunt Maria—conversationally, they are all plain knitting to you.

You have something new and fascinating to say on every topic of the moment. You do things you never dared to do before. You keep the dinner party amazed until the hostess, rising up, calls you blessed and vows to ask you again—and again!

*One single dollar makes you
the life of the party*

How is all this accomplished? Easily—by filling out the coupon for six issues of Vanity Fair. In its pages you will find enough fresh, new, bubbling things to keep you in dinner conversation for the season.

People who can sparkle are always more popular than people who can only prose or preach. You, reading Vanity Fair, will shed your dignity, thaw out your disposition, drown your sorrows like unwanted kittens, and land with one graceful parabola in the front row of a perpetual pleasure party.

Don't be a Peter Bell—you remember, a dollar by the river's brim a simple dollar was to him, and it was nothing more. Be one of those far-sighted persons—like Rockefeller or Henry Ford—and realize that your dollar isn't merely a dollar; it means more; it means social grace, social aplomb, social success—it means VANITY FAIR.

VANITY FAIR

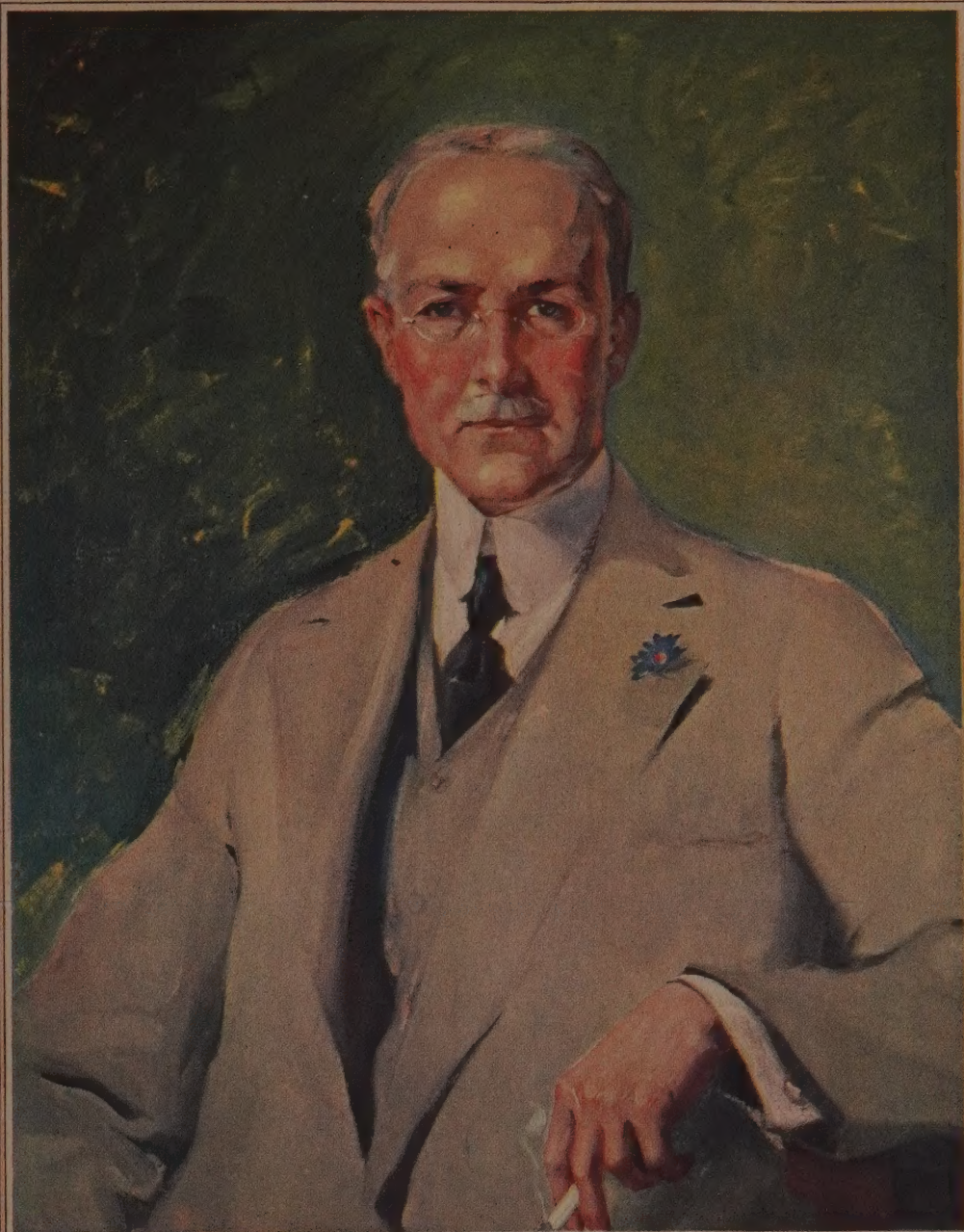
Condé Nast, Publisher

Frank Crowninshield, Editor

449 Fourth Avenue
New York City

25 Cents a Copy
\$3 00 a Year

VANITY FAIR, 449 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Please enter my subscription to VANITY FAIR, for six months beginning with the current issue at the special \$3 rate offered to readers of this magazine. Mail me the current issue at once. I enclose the \$1 herewith (OR) I will remit \$1 on receipt of your bill.
Name.....
Address.....
This.....



FATIMA may never become the only cigarette smoked by keen, substantial men of this type. But you will find that Fatima has already become more popular with such men than almost any other cigarette.

This is because men who smoke wisely want a SENSIBLE cigarette—a cigarette that is cool and comfortable to the tongue and throat and that leaves a man feeling “fit” and clear-headed even though he may smoke more often than usual.

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette



The Victrola brings the opera right into your home

All the magnificent numbers of opera, superbly sung by artists famous for their master-interpretations of each particular rôle.

Caruso, Alda, Calvé, Farrar, Martinelli, Ruffo, are among the mighty group the Victrola brings to you to sing the captivating music of Carmen.

So it is throughout the entire range of opera and of all music and entertainment—with a Victrola you hear the greatest artists of all the world right in your own home.

There are Victor dealers everywhere and they will gladly play for you any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—\$10 to \$400.

The instrument in the above picture is Victrola XVI, \$200.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U.S.A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month.

Victrola

